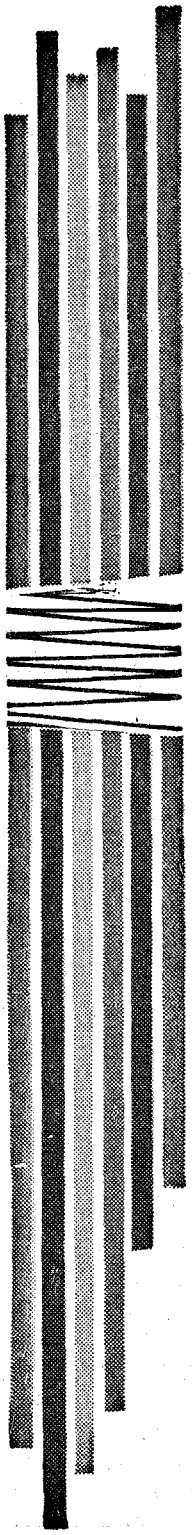
THE NATION

December 28, 1963 . . 35c



'Manchurian Candidate' in Dallas

Richard Condon

THE BIG ATOM

SOLVING THE WATER SHORTAGE

Carl Dreher

Ordeal in Okanogan

Grace Bassett

Art Books of 1963

Max Kozloff

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LETTERS

Army ethics

Eugene, Ore.

Dear Sirs: William H. Boyer's article on military education (*The Nation*, Nov. 30) has painfully reminded me of the days I spent at Fort Lewis as an enlisted man. Most of the political indoctrination done by the Army is carried on by chaplains, and consists mainly of meaningless platitudes and hackneyed clichés. . . . One session stands out in my mind as an example of what Boyer is complaining about. The particular chaplain, after delivering the usual military line on how immoral it is to be a Communist, stood before 500 enlisted men and said profoundly ". . . and remember men, evil is not good." *John A. Nylander*

What Eisenhower deserves

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: In reviewing Eisenhower's recent book, George G. Kirstein states: ". . . no American alive today deserves better at the hands of his fellow countrymen than the victorious General of the Armies. . . ." If this is so, then all my political thinking must be cockeyed, and my sense of social values terribly distorted. I wonder if Mr. Kirstein would give us a bill of particulars justifying his judgment. I would be interested to learn why Linus Pauling, for one, does not "deserve better," or Earl Warren as another of a possible list of living Americans.

A. Kaplan, M.D.

[*The first words of the sentence from which Dr. Kaplan quotes above are "My own conviction is that. . . ." By these words Mr. Kirstein clearly indicated that his statement was a matter of personal opinion and value (rather than demonstrable fact) with which others, obviously, would disagree.—The Editors.*]

Cigarettes and cancer

New York City

Dear Sirs: May I say a word on your Nov. 30 editorial in which you say "The American Cancer Society has been conducting a cautious campaign against smoking, mainly on the theme that athletes don't, or shouldn't, smoke." I wince at your word "mainly."

Since 1960, we have been actively presenting programs in high schools and junior high schools on the risk of cigarette smoking. Our approach, based on a year's research with 22,000 high school youngsters in Portland, Ore., is factual and medical: our Portland data indicates that what is most persuasive to teen-agers is a straightforward statement of the evidence that cigarettes cause lung cancer. . . .

I would like to recommend to your readers who teach or have children in grade schools our new film strip "I'll Take the High Road," which is a smash hit in sixth grades, and a pamphlet, "Cigarette Smoking and Cancer," which discusses the evidence and the most frequent arguments against the causal relationship. The pamphlet, film strip and other materials can be obtained without cost from local units of the American Cancer Society.

Clifton R. Read
American Cancer Society

Murder rate

Dear Sirs: Sybille Bedford in her review of Christopher Hibbert's *The Roots of Evil: A Social History of Crime and Punishment* (*The Nation*, Dec. 7) paraphrases the author as saying that the murder rate among foreign-born American citizens is 5.8 murders per 100,000 born in Denmark, to 17.5 born in Ireland and 58.1 in Italy. . . .

For what year or years are the figures valid? If they are valid for recent years, a great many Danes, Irishmen and Italians of fairly advanced years are committing an inordinate number of murders, since immigration from Europe has dwindled to almost nothing since 1921. . . .

Harold J. Enrico

Cars for CORE

New York City

Dear Sirs: The Louisiana Committee on Registration Education (the CORE Task Force) has been conducting a voter registration campaign among the Negroes of this Deep South state for several months now. . . .

Recently, the local police confiscated all of our cars for "improper registration." After much legal and illegal red tape we succeeded in reacquiring one of the five impounded cars. This car, a 1959 Ford, was worth about $1,000 when impounded, but it had to be sold for junk after the police got through with it. We have been much less successful in getting the other four cars back, and we fear that they too will be useless if we ever do get them back.

We are almost powerless without automobiles. This is a rural state and there is no way to contact local people without transportation. . . .

We are, therefore, trying desperately to acquire five new cars as quickly as possible. . . . Contributions should be sent to the CORE National Office at 38 Park Row, New York, N.Y., 10038, and clearly designated as for the La. Comm. on Reg. Ed. This is urgent; every day without cars is to a large extent wasted. We are crippled, and if we can't be healed we need at least a wheel chair.

Brendan John Sexton
CORE Task Force

THE NATION

Saturday, December 28, 1963
Volume 197, No. 22

In this issue

EDITORIALS
445
446 JAF (cartoon)

ARTICLES
447 Politics of German Wheat
David Schoenbaum
449 "Manchurian Candidate" in Dallas
Richard Condon
451 The Big Atom: Solving the Water Shortage
Carl Dreher
454 Ordeal in Okanogan
Grace Bassett

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
457 The Varieties of Love
Emile Capouya
459 Art Books of 1963
Max Kozloff
460 Cells Breathe in the Emptiness (poem)
Galway Kinnell
462 Second Impressions
Robert M. Wallace
463 Books by *Nation* Contributors
464 the twist (poem)
A. B. Spellman
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 464)
Frank W. Lewis

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The Warren Commission

The tragic happenings in Dallas have succeeded in wildly activating the latent James Bond that is in everyman. From all points on the compass, letters, unsolicited manuscripts, queries and telephone calls have poured into this office since November 22. The hypotheses are varied and ingenious, including the suggestion that President Kennedy's death was not an assassination but a prearranged, ordered suicide! *The Nation*, too, has been curious about the obvious discrepancies, inconsistencies, gaps and unexplained aspects of the three murders, but has resisted the temptation to enter the lists until an "official" version of the facts is available. The intensity and scope of public speculation is understandable, but it also has an unpleasant aspect. As Arthur Hoppe, columnist of the *San Francisco Chronicle* has pointed out, "Now that he is dead, we all ask, who did it? Who really did it? How important it is to all of us who failed in our duties in some small way—and all of us sometimes fail—to find some vast conspiracy to blame. How very important. And how very sad."

All the same, the public should maintain an alert, skeptical, wholly critical attitude; nor should public concern abate merely because the Warren Commission has set to work. For one thing, the role that the FBI played, according to its own account, in relation to the Dallas police and to the Secret Service, is itself a subject of legitimate public concern, and the FBI—according to its past record—is not to be trusted to pass judgment on its own activities. The public is entitled, specifically, to an explanation of the motive which led the FBI to "leak" aspects of its report before it was even delivered to the Chief Justice, much less released to the public. By clear inference, some publications have been permitted to "see" the report, if not to study it. This is both irregular and highly objectionable.

Nor should the public give a blank check of credence and confidence to the Warren Commission. While the diligence and skill and integrity of the Chief Justice is not to be questioned—although it has been editorially questioned by the New York *Daily News*—the commission is not as well balanced in make-up as it should have been; it is heavily weighted in favor of the "official" or Establishment view. A majority might be inclined, for example, to seal off further inquiry with a brisk "official" report and to ignore sensitive aspects of the matter, including the role of the FBI, of the Secret Service and of the Dallas police.

Newsweek has suggested that the Warren Commission is the "jury" in this matter, but that is inaccurate. At best the Commission is the petit jury or, more accurately, the coroner's jury; the grand jury consists of the American people. Precisely because of the world-wide scope and intensity of public speculations about the facts, nothing short of the earliest possible full disclosure—and verification wherever possible—of all the known facts, will suffice. The public is entitled to nothing less. For our part, we intend to make an independent assessment of whatever "official" report is eventually issued.

Political Punditry

With the flags still flying at half-staff for President Kennedy, and during a period of remarkable political fluidity ("it's a new ball game" is the phrase), the political commentators have reached a set of absolute conclusions with a speed and finality that is breath-taking.

Item: President Johnson is formidable, invulnerable and invincible. On the basis of a few spot interviews, one pundit assures us that the President will carry all the Southern states; another soothsayer, having surveyed one precinct in Philadelphia, informs us that Mr. Johnson is certain to hold the vote of the Northern urban Negroes.

Item: Senator Goldwater's chances, which the commentators themselves had grotesquely inflated in recent months, have now been damaged, we are promised, beyond repair. Yet it is quite apparent that Senator Goldwater, without waging much of a campaign, can take to San Francisco a block of pledged delegates, from the Southern states alone, large enough to make him a real power in the convention.

Item: Richard Nixon's chances, we are told, have now been vastly improved—despite clear demonstrations, in the same columns which announce his resurgence, that a Republican nominee should be able to carry New York and California, in neither of which states is sentiment for the former Vice President exactly overwhelming.

Item: Governor Nelson Rockefeller remains hopelessly disqualified by reason of his divorce and remarriage, despite the concession, again made in the same columns, that he would be the strongest Republican nominee in California and New York. If these commentators are right, and a major part of the electorate actually votes on the basis of togetherness and lifelong monogamy—at a time when the problems confronting the President must tax the powers of the ablest incumbent—all one can say is that such a public deserves not only the President they get, but the commentators who inform them. Actually, the effect of the Governor's remarriage was aired initially by Republican bigwigs who, convinced that President Kennedy was unbeatable, wanted to cut Rockefeller down to size, the better to make Senator Goldwater appear ten times larger than life. Nor is it only the commentators who have jumped to conclusions; spokesmen for major political interest groups, under

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the stress of recent events, have made rash pledges which—once the existing political moratorium is over, and it will be very soon—they may well regret. Wisdom at this juncture is to forgo pat prophecies and firm commitments until the ball game is a bit further advanced.

The Handwriting on the Wall

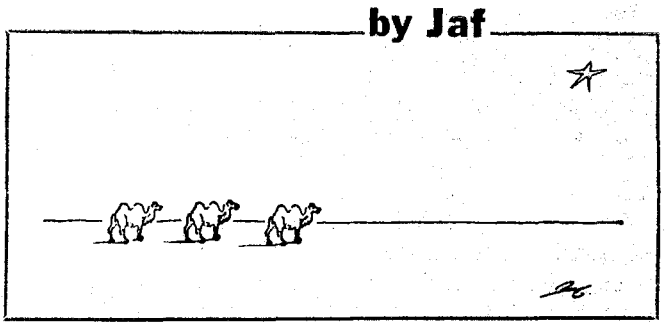
What has now happened at South Bend was forecast by B. J. Widick in *The Nation* of February 17, 1962—"Tragedy at Studebaker." Widick called attention to the fact that Studebaker and South Bend were once synonymous with the American dream—friendly community feeling, good labor relations, technological progress and pride of workmanship. And yet, he pointed out, just one decade later the dream had begun to turn into a nightmare: "The middle-class dream world of South Bend began to come apart after the Korean War." Why?

One reason is the dominance of duopoly in the automobile industry. The giants, Ford and especially General Motors, set the prices. General Motors figures that it will never be engaged more than 75 per cent of the time; in other words, they expect, and are able to show, a 20 per cent profit with 25 per cent unused capacity. The smaller companies are tempted to take advantage of this generous price umbrella. Instead of pricing their products to undercut Ford and General Motors, thus creating a market for themselves, they try to compete in a market where they are defeated in advance. Bigness reaches a point where, unless one strikes out into new ground, it is irresistible. For example, the trade-in value of a GM or Ford car is established. New parts and reasonably efficient service can be had anywhere. The very names inspire confidence, and this confidence is constantly amplified by massive injections of advertising.

That an automobile company can survive—provided it comes up with a new idea—is shown by the Volkswagen. This car provides the cheapest transportation since the Model T Ford. It is assembled in the United States from parts imported from West Germany. The demand for it exceeds the supply. Caught in the middle, Studebaker could not compete with Volkswagen any more than with GM-Ford.

From a technological standpoint this is most unfortunate, because at times Studebaker has made a good car and contributed to the health of the industry as a whole. George Romney and others testified at the administered-price hearings that Studebaker-Packard had been among the leading technological innovators of the industry. They introduced torsion-bar suspension, separate rear-wheel traction, greater driver visibility front and rear, and other functional and stylistic innovations. The giants are not necessarily the innovators—often the contrary.

The South Bend shutdown is tragic for the workers at the plants and for some of the dealers, but the worst is yet to come. Those economists who predict that 1964 will be a "vintage year" may be right, but joblessness will be part of the harvest. Ralph McGill, editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*, writes that in ten years U. S. manufacturing has not added—net—one new job. In transportation, not one new job—net—has been added since 1929. In the ten years from 1950 to 1960, seven of eight new jobs have been outside the profit economy, i.e., paid for out of taxes, as in defense and space exploration. The economy is one which can produce increasing profits, but these gains will not be reflected in a proportionate increase of jobs. South Bend is merely one syllable in the handwriting on the wall.



Lone Crusader

In his brief visit to the United Nations, Henrique M. Galvao, the sixty-eight-year-old Portuguese firebrand, did not succeed in pleasing the African nationalists who had urged that he be heard. He did not try to please them. He has the habit, almost intolerable in the modern world, of saying what he believes to be true and right, not what he supposes people want to hear.

His argument is that Portugal, not being free herself, cannot confer freedom on her colonies, that the Salazar regime must be overthrown before either the people in the homeland or those in Angola and Mozambique can exercise their right of self-determination. As he sees it, the Portuguese themselves are under the equivalent of a colonial yoke and their liberation must be given priority. Moreover, since unity is lacking among the rebel leaders in the colonies, precipitate liberation might result in a situation "worse than the Congo," which three years ago was set adrift by the Belgians without preparation for self-government.

Galvao's view is that after democracy has been established in Portugal, the people of the territories can choose, presumably through plebiscites, between independence, a federation among themselves and federation with the democratic Portugal of the future. This last suggestion was not well received; understandably, the Algerian delegate was the least enthusiastic. When Galvao went on to observe that the existing African states had failed to achieve unity, he was told to limit his remarks to the question of territories under Portuguese administration.

It was hardly to be expected that Galvao's thirty-six hours in the United States should turn into a triumphal tour. For one thing, he is an individual with scant political power—only what he exerts as one of the leaders of a group of Portuguese democrats in exile,

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and from exploits of personal daring like the seizure of the *Santa Maria*—and the visit to New York in the face of extradition threats. But, more than that, Galvao has an old-fashioned liberal-humanist-idealist quality, larded with a streak of romanticism and a touch of Don Quixote, a combination not calculated to appeal to the working politicians of the new African states any more than to those of the Soviet or Western blocs. So he struck a lonely note.

Just the same his visit was not in vain. He did not get the attention that the American press lavished on Madame Nhu; his age and sex militated against any such orgy of publicity. He did, however, remind Americans that one of our most stalwart allies is a dictatorship of seeming stability, but not without opposition and quite possibly nearing the end of its long tenure.

His visit served, also, to show that our State Department was not hand in glove with the Portuguese dictatorship when it came to such delicate matters as the visit of a dissident Portuguese to the UN. The Salazar regime asked for Galvao's extradition, but he was not touched; no doubt the State Department was relieved to see him on the airplane en route to Brazil once more. Here and there, at the UN, in Washington, and among the reporters, there may even have been a spark of admiration for the indomitable old man who thinks that principles are important, and is ready to risk his life for a cause whose triumph he may never see.

Senator Lehman

It is a measure of the character of Senator Herbert H. Lehman, and his achievement, that his death has evoked deeply felt tributes from the most diverse quarters, from all walks of life, from opponents and critics no less than from friends and allies. For Senator Lehman never hesitated to tackle the thorniest issues, to align himself in support of measures and causes that were bitterly opposed, and to take timely and courageous positions on issues that other honorable men artfully avoided. McCarthyism is only one example.

The universality of the tributes tendered to Senator Lehman was more than a measure of the man and his achievements: it was a measure of the capacity of the American people to recognize goodness and courage and wisdom when they find these qualities exemplified in a public figure.

Politics of German Wheat . . . David Schoenbaum

Bonn

For the first time since the days of the *Reichsnährstand* (Hitler's AAA) — excepting for a brief but memorable postwar period when butter was worth its weight in marks — West German farmers are blinking uncertainly in the spotlight of public interest. A group whose problems have for several decades been left to the practiced and discreet professionalism of lobbyists and politicians from rural districts, has been pushed on stage and subjected to the conflicting direction of newsmen, housewives, politicians, trade unionists, farmer representatives and professors of economics.

While interest has been rising at least since the 1958 Stresa conference of the six European countries that established their plan for an agricultural common market, and while the recent Chicken War between the United States and the Common Market pointed to the dramatic possibilities, it was a Dutchman, Sicco Leendert Mansholt, who set the present scene in motion. Mansholt, vice president of the Common Market Commission in Brussels, proposed early in November to cut West German grain prices 12 per cent and to introduce a low common price for grain during the 1964-5 season; he thus raised a clamor focused on the December Common Market debate and destined to go on until all participants reach a mutually acceptable position.

Mansholt pointed out in a recent interview that while the transition to the industrial Common Market is in full swing, common progress in agriculture to date is "zero point zero." He continued: "Without a common grain price that will determine the general level of agricultural prices in the Common Market, successful negotiations at the GATT conference in January are out of the question —as the Americans have pointed out at every opportunity." Failure to accept his proposal, Mansholt is convinced, will lead to a stalemate, not only in the development of the Common Market, but in the relations to countries outside the Common Market that are so important to the Federal Republic.

The most prominent role in the Brussels conference has undoubtedly fallen to Ludwig Erhard. But whether the new chancellor is to appear as a conquering Siegfried advancing implacably over the sprawling body of the West German Farmers Union, or in the role of a Flying Dutchman, swept before the gale of domestic political interests, only time will tell. In any case, his actions will unavoidably be influenced by these leading protagonists:

First is the Farmers Union, which estimates that the reduction of West Germany's towering grain prices will cost its members $250 million a year. (The Common Market commission estimates the loss at a bit more than half this amount and, according to the Mansholt plan, is prepared to make good the loss in direct annual payments of $140 million over a three-year transition period.)

Second is Erhard's Christian Democratic Union (CDU) with its traditional support in rural areas and its understandable sensitivity to recent polls showing that it is now running neck and neck with the opposition Social Democrats

David Schoenbaum, a former staff member of the Minneapolis Tribune, *is at present studying for his doctorate at St. Antony's College, Oxford.*

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(SPD). Particularly disquieting to the CDU have been strong SPD gains in recent state elections in Schleswig-Holstein, Bavaria and the Rhineland-Palatinate, not to mention an SPD victory in Lower Saxony, the home of Farmers Union leader, Edmund Rehwinkel, and the center of the most vocal rural protest.

Third is the pressure of the CDU's autonomous sister party, Franz-Joseph Strauss' Bavarian Christian Social Union (CSU). Representing a kind of German solid South, the CSU is capable of bolting, and has proved very skittish in recent debates about ratification of the Moscow test-ban treaty and Erhard's proposed bill to delay the increase of pensions for war victims. CSU support is crucial if the governing coalition is to survive. Since Bavaria is at once the Federal Republic's biggest agricultural producer and the CDU/CSU's most reliable electoral reservoir, the CSU's preoccupation with cushions — or better still, no blow at all to the present farm structure — is a pressure that can't be ignored.

But there are counter-pressures. The first of these comes from German industry. In 1876, Bismarck could resolve the conflict between German industry and German agriculture to the benefit of both by erecting a protective system around both. Today, West Germany is an industrial country and there is no alternative to the most efficient, if merciful, accommodation of the price structure to this basic economic reality. One of the foundations of the Common Market is the French willingness to buy German industrial wares in return for French agricultural products. At the point where the French lose patience with Germany's delay in solving its farm problem, the Common Market is in trouble. And at the moment when Common Market agricultural surpluses might block Germany's capacity for farm imports, German industry — which does 70 per cent of its trade with countries outside the Common Market — is in a crisis. And so is the Federal Republic.

This leads to the second source of counter-pressure, foreign affairs. The farm problem is connected ineluctably with Germany's relations to two of its major allies, the United States and France, and indirectly to its relations with the third, Great Britain. Both Erhard and Mansholt are determined to assert their belief in an outward-looking Europe by demanding a junction between the Brussels talks and the General Agreement on Tariff and Trade (GATT) meeting of thirty-five countries that follows. The object is to reduce the grain price, and with it the farm price level in general, to a point where neither French farmers nor any others in Western Europe will be tempted to produce American-style surpluses. This in turn reflects on Germany's relations with the underdeveloped countries and, still more importantly, on Germany's first overtures since the war toward Eastern Europe.

Foreign Minister Schroeder's initiative is necessarily directed at the economic interests of the Federal Republic's eastern neighbors, and the success of the venture is vitally connected to the Federal Republic's capacity for, among other things, Polish eggs and geese, Hungarian grain and fruit, and Yugoslavian wine. The farm *status quo* threatens both West German initiatives, toward Atlantic partnership and toward Eastern Europe, as surely as do the problems of the European bomb. But whether the Mansholt proposal is going to loosen the present jam or freeze it solid is also something only the next months will show.

The last of the chancellor's counter-pressures is the housewife or a better organized form of consumer protest, the trade unions. In both Bavaria and Schleswig-Holstein, unions have already staged symptomatic if quantitatively insignificant milk strikes. German housewives aren't likely to march on Bonn, but they vote. Hitherto the majority of them (and in percentages higher than German men) have voted CDU/CSU. But party officials are uneasily aware this needn't go on forever. German women have voted CDU/CSU as much from prosperity as from piety, and there is reason to doubt their willingness to identify the steeply climbing pork, milk and bread prices of recent weeks with either the one or the other.

Zeit

"Eat well, my dear successor!"

Seen from any one of these positions, the problem has the attractive simplicity of "buy cheap and sell dear" and, on the farmer side, is disingenuously infused with the last vestiges of *Blut-und-Boden*. But seen from Bonn it has the quality of a Parkinsonian inverted pyramid. At the bottom is the West German grain price, at the top a vast frieze including the future of the Common Market, the survival of the Atlantic partnership, the prospects of reconciliation with Eastern Europe, with all this could mean for the eventual reunification of Germany, and the stability of the Federal Republic itself. Small wonder that the interest quickens.

Three routes point to a way out from under before the whole structure collapses on the 52 million West Germans crouched beneath it. One of these is institutional. From 1966 on, West Germany will no longer have a veto in the Common Market Commission. Decisions will be taken by majority vote, and it is to be expected that the majority will be opposed to high-priced German grain. All Germans realize this, farm lobbyists included. "We don't expect what we ask any more than a union negotiator does," says one privately. "What we want to do is win time, and prevent any rash decision. You can't reorganize a farm overnight, and anyway the present trend in the other Common Market countries is to prices closer to ours. If we can hold out till 1966, we will at least be able to negotiate a price close enough to ours to prevent much damage."

The second escape is political. The farm spokesmen realize that from now until 1965 they are in a strong position. Erhard must go to the polls then; the CDU/CSU is afraid of losing farm votes and the SPD would like to win them. But after that some decisions have to

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be made. A farm party was out of the question as a practical alternative as early as the twenties; it is still less a possibility today. If it turns from the CDU/CSU, the farm vote has no place to go but to the SPD, which is as friendly to an open Common Market and the Atlantic Community as is Chancellor Erhard. Protest in the form of direct action would be at best a dead end, abstention would be practically a vote for the SPD.

The third route is structural. The farmers can remain on the farm as long as they please, as political leaders like Bavaria's CSU Minister-President Alphons Goppel tell them in every speech. But this is double-edged. "What it means," as one farmer says, "is that I can stay as long as I like if I'm willing to drink two beers at night instead of three, and then one beer instead of two." This farmer, with his twenty acres divided in six different strips and distances up to a mile and a half between them, is determined to stick it out. He is in his fifties, likes his independence, has mechanized his operation and negotiated the switch from grain to milk and meat production, and is willing to get along without the comforts he knows he's missing. But his sons may see it differently, not to mention his daughters. The Bavarian Catholic youth press already carries articles on the scarcity of farm girls.

"The last time I was home," says one Bavarian SPD official, "I talked to the little girl next door. 'I don't know what I want to be when I grow up,' she told me, 'but I don't want to be a farm wife.' Think of it. And she's only twelve."

What this means is that Germany must reconcile itself to the move toward the cities that began in the nineteenth century in America and has continued in all industrial countries to the present day. Politics can ease the process but cannot stop it, can hasten the concentration of larger and more productive units, encourage the formation of cooperatives, aid the shift to more profitable lines — meaning butter, eggs, meat, milk — and retrain those who fall by the wayside. Re-employment is certainly no problem in a country that has already had to import 700,000 Italian, Spanish, Greek and Turkish industrial workers.

Since 1949, the number of farms operating in the Federal Republic has fallen by nearly 25 per cent, and 700,000 farm workers have left the farm. Every day 250 more leave for the city — "a trend that can only be applauded so long as it causes no structural damage," Minister Schwarz says. But current estimates of up to a million farm workers, mostly owners and their families, consciously living on a substandard income in the world's second largest trading nation point to the social problem left to be dealt with before the farm problem solves itself. And this involves the patience of a France beset by inflationary pressures, and of a new U.S. Administration even closer to an election campaign than Chancellor Erhard's.

It is the inefficient, inadequately competitive German farmer who has up to now caused the main trouble. The problem in the future will be that of a potentially efficient and competitive farmer. Intensive mechanization and application of fertilizer have doubled production within the Federal Republic since 1938-39 and the continuation of the American-style farm migration with more American-style technology and American-size units will logically lead someday to American-style surpluses. The December decisions in Brussels will also attempt to influence the direction these surpluses take. As Mansholt said recently: "The United States will have to realize that we can't buy both American grain *and* American broilers." And one farmer, the owner of a 375-acre dairy farm at the foot of the Alps, summed up for his side: "If only we had a model. But nobody else has one either. It's not that we don't realize what a mess we're in. But at least we know our way around this one. If anything happens to the grain price, we'll have to deal with a new mess. And then there's no telling what might happen."

Asked what he expects will be decided in Brussels, he could only reply carefully: "I imagine there will be a compromise."

'Manchurian Candidate' in Dallas

Richard Condon

Paris

I was reading about how Senator Thruston Morton of Kentucky absolved the American people from any guilt in the assassination of the President when a reporter from a South African press association telephoned from London to ask if I felt responsible for the President's killing, inasmuch as I had written a novel, *The Manchurian Candidate*, on which had been based a film that had just been "frozen" in the United States because it was felt that the assassin might have seen it and been influenced by it. I told the reporter that, with all Americans, I had contributed to form the attitudes of the assassin; and that the assassin, and Americans like him, had contributed to the attitudes which had caused me to write the novel.

The differences between Senator Morton's views on this and my own are vast. The man who shot John Kennedy, Senator Morton said, "was a stranger to the American heritage" and "his mind had been warped by an alien violence, not by a native condition."

Brainwashing to violence and assassination is the line taken in my novel. On its melodramatic surface, the book is a study of the consequences of "a mind warped by alien violence," but I had also hoped to suggest that for some time all of us in the United States had been brainwashed to violence, and to indicate that the reader might consider that the tempo of this all-American brainwashing was being speeded up.

I meant to call attention, through example, to the proved brainwashing to violence shown by the increased sale of cigarettes after they had been conclusively demonstrated

Richard Condon is the author of The Manchurian Candidate *(McGraw-Hill),* The Oldest Confession *(Appleton) and other books.*

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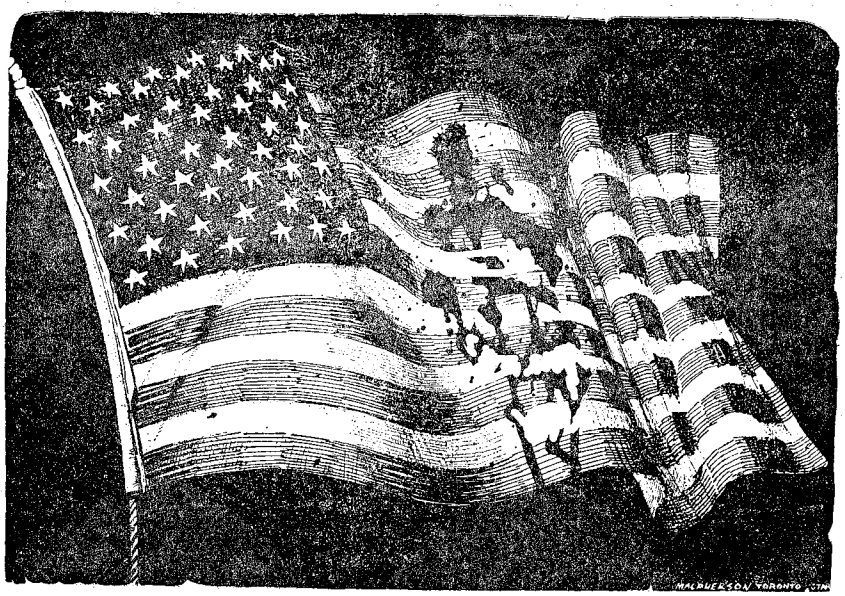

Toronto Star

to be suicide weapons. I meant to show that when the attention of a nation is focused upon violence — when it appears on the front page of all newspapers, throughout television programing, in the hundreds of millions of monthly comic books, in most motion pictures, in the rhythms of popular music and the dance, and in popular $5 novels which soon become 50c paperbacks; when a most violent example is set by city, state and federal governments, when organized crime merges with organized commerce and labor, when a feeble, bewildered set of churches cannot counteract any of this and all of it is power-hosed at all of us through the most gigantically complex overcommunications system ever developed — we must not be surprised that one of us bombs little girls in a Sunday school or shoots down a President of our republic. We can feign surprise, as we did with the murder of President Kennedy, but none of us seemed either surprised or moved by the murder of Medgar Evers, who was also a brave leader of his people, also a man who had a young wife and children, and whose assassin most certainly matched the basic, American psychological pattern of the killer of our President.

I was not surprised at the similarities between the two American products, Lee Oswald and Raymond Shaw, one all too actual, the other the fictional leading character of *The Manchurian Candidate*. Oswald's wife has said she married him because she felt sorry for him; absolutely no one had liked him, "even in Russia." The novel says, "It was not that Raymond was hard to like. He was impossible to like." Oswald spoke frequently of the hardships his mother had experienced in the depression, before he had been born, and his mother had been quick to say that "they" had always been against her boy. In the novel, I quoted Andrew Salter, the Pavlovian psychologist. ". . . the human fish swim about at the bottom of the great ocean of atmosphere and they develop psychic injuries as they collide with one another. Most mortal of these are the wounds gotten from the parent fish." The Associated Press dug up a truancy report on Oswald which said his resentment had been fixed on "authority." On the surface he was calm, but inside there was much anger. "The resenters," says the Chinese brainwasher in *The Manchurian Candidate*, "those men with cancer of the psyche, make the great assassins." Raymond Shaw's account of his past was confusingly dramatic, as was Oswald's. It all seemed to revolve around his mother, as did Oswald's.

The brainwasher who was describing Raymond Shaw to an audience in an amphitheatre might have been describing the murderers of John Kennedy and Medgar Evers. "It has been said that only the man who is capable of loving everything is capable of understanding everything. The resentful man is a human with a capacity for affection so poorly developed that his understanding for the motives of others very nearly does not exist. They are men of melancholic and reserved psychology. They are afflicted with total resentment."

Lee Oswald's indicated murder of Mr. Kennedy seems motivated only by his resentment against the most successful man in the world; resentment against a wonderfully intelligent, puissant, healthy, wealthy, witty and handsome man who was so rich in spirit that he made no effort to conceal his superiority, who dominated the world and outer space, and who had an inexpressibly fine wife and two lovely children. From the view of this resentment, as long as this fellow stayed out of Lee Oswald's path he would be all right, but when he came laughing into Dallas, and the newspapers printed a map that showed he would drive right past where Lee Oswald worked for a lousy fifty bucks a week, it was more than this classical resentment could bear.

It takes time to achieve such resentment and to fire it there must be careful nurturing by constant, unrelenting conditioning to violence. Oswald was not the only violence-packed American who was capable of murdering President Kennedy. The assassination was a wasteful, impersonal, senseless act, but the United States has undergone such a massive brainwashing to violence that such a senseless waste is *à la mode*.

Ralph Gleason wrote in the *San Francisco Chronicle* after the President's murder: ". . . we bred his murderer, our society produced him and he is, in one sense, a part of us all." Then Senator Morton said: ". . . let us not mourn the American soul . . . let the blame be on him who actually committed the crime . . . what happened was not America's fault."

John Hay Whitney, publisher of the New York *Herald Tribune* and thus a leading figure in the overcommunications industry, most hotly denied that the American people must share the guilt for President Kennedy's murder. He amplified his defense by saying: "It's true that there is hate in America, and violence, and brutality. There always has been. But violence has not been and is not now a dominant strain in our character."

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To me, it seems certain that Mr. Gleason is right and Senator Morton and Mr. Whitney are mistaken. Neither saints nor assassins appear among us fully grown and wholly developed. All of us are nothing more than the result of our conditioning.

When the fanatic is a ruler, rather than the assassin of a ruler, the people who permitted him to take power must be blamed — whether they be the Germans of 1933-35 for Adolf Hitler, or the people of Chicago, Illinois, for their local government. But when the fanatic is the assassin, he emerges from the very fabric of the people. In answer to Senator Morton: if the American people are encouraging a mass educational system — the overcommunications industry— which instructs for the production of the highest crime rate and the most widely shared violence dependencies of any country in the world, is it not time to say, most particularly by our government, that each American is responsible for that state of affairs because he does nothing to change it? We are not, as some well-meaning European newspaper put it, a violent and unstable people because such "toughness" was required to tame the wild frontier 125 years ago. We are violent and unstable because we have been so conditioned to these responses that civilized, thoughtful conduct has become impossible for us.

It is a hell of a spot for a country to be in. Who, the least brainwashed among us, will cast the first redemptive thought?

The Big Atom

SOLVING the WATER SHORTAGE

Carl Dreher

From the cradle to the grave, about half of mankind is never free from hunger. Tens of thousands die of starvation and deficiency diseases every single day. We have heard this so often that the enormity of it leaves us unmoved. We also know that even if something is done right away to retard the population growth rate (and obviously nothing is going to be done very soon), before the end of the century the population of the world will have doubled — there will be another three billion mouths to feed. Long before that time the chances are that the pressure of deprivation and desperation will have brought on another kind of explosion. The problem will have been solved, in a manner of speaking, by the elimination of all or a large part of the human species.

Why is there so much misery on a planet that could be a paradise? The multiplicity of answers covers the whole spectrum of human behavior and misbehavior—political, biological, psychological and so on. But there is also a single physical fact — not enough fresh water where it is needed. About 9 per cent of the earth's land surface is cultivated; 36 per cent is cultivated but arid. Men are available, machines might be, but water is not. Given low-cost water, the world's food supply could potentially be quadrupled on the basis of area alone.

Let it not be supposed, however, that water scarcity is confined to the underdeveloped two-thirds of the world, where the benighted natives engender more offspring than can be fed with the means at hand. When Los Angeles obtained its first major upland water supply in the Owens River Valley, a civil war was fought between the Valley ranchers and the city, with recurrent dynamitings of the aqueduct. That was in the 1920s, but the war goes on still, minus the dynamiting but on a larger scale: between Arizona and California; between the two Californias, one north of the Tehachapi, the other south; between the United States and Mexico. Nor is water scarcity peculiar to the arid and semi-arid areas of the Southwest, where the metropolitan sections are nothing but reclaimed desert. The motel proprietor in Texas may have to go down 1,800 feet for water, with unconscionable drilling and pumping costs, and always the specter of further lowering of the water table. Despite proximity to the Great Lakes, some sections of the Middle West are said to be heading for a water shortage. Even the Northeast, where water is usually so plentiful that something like a third of it is wasted down the sewer, had an acute problem in 1948, and has another one now that will probably last into 1965. The late President Kennedy was not exaggerating when he described water shortage as a national problem of the greatest urgency.

In the Southwestern struggle for water the thirty-year, five-state Pacific Southwest Water Plan, proposed by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, has been characterized by California's Attorney General Stanley Mosk as a plan "to make Northern California the waterhole for the entire Pacific Southwest region, and without adequate compensating benefits." Stung by California's setback in litigation with Arizona over Colorado River water, Mr. Mosk wants Northern California to be the waterhole for Southern California via the Feather River Plan, which involves construction of a system with a 500-mile aqueduct at a cost of some $2 billion. But the end is not yet. According to Department of the Interior figures, the Southwest will need 60 million acre-feet (almost 20 trillion gallons) per year of *new* water by the year 2000. A large part of this impressive amount will be needed by Southern California. When Lotusland outgrows the Feather River system, rivers near the Oregon border will presumably be tapped. Skeptical, like Mr. Mosk, of the Udall plan, Samuel B. Nelson, general manager of the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, advises Arizona to try to get water from the Snake River in Idaho right now. The Southwest will be after water from Canada at this rate.

The farther you go, the more the water costs. There is another solution, but it has been de-

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feated by fuel costs. The Pacific Ocean laps Los Angeles and San Diego, and Phoenix is not too far from the Gulf of California, but current desalination processes make sea water about twenty times as expensive as the price charged for Colorado River water. Small quantities of desalted Pacific Ocean water are being fed into the San Diego system from a plant operated by the Interior Department's Office of Saline Water at Point Loma. The 1.4 million gallons of distilled water which this plant can produce daily sounds like a lot but is actually very little: San Diego consumes 80 million gallons a day. The cost of water from the Point Loma plant is about $1.50 per 1,000 gallons. It is not that the plant is inefficient, but that the cost of the heat energy required for distillation is high.

The situation is the same abroad. Large-scale distillation of sea water has been dreamed of for centuries —for reclamation of the Sahara Desert, for instance. The cost of energy has likewise made these schemes impracticable. Now, by the use of atomic power, the prize is within reach. Only, as big businessmen like to say, one must think big. Justice Holmes said that to think great thoughts one must have a heroic mind, and indeed considerable courage is required to think of nuclear power on the scale required.

The particular solution I shall describe is the work of Dr. R. Philip Hammond of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Dr. Hammond is a forty-seven-year-old chemical engineer. He was a nuclear engineer at Los Alamos, primarily a weapons center. When his ideas came to the attention of Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory and one of the country's leading scientists, he borrowed Dr. Hammond from Los Alamos and set him up at Oak Ridge as head of the Saline Water Conversion Reactor Program. The studies are carried on by a small group of physicist-engineers under the auspices of ORNL and Union Carbide Nuclear Company, which operates the laboratory for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Hammond reasons that nuclear fuels can show an advantage over fossil fuels (coal, oil, natural gas) only when energy is generated in very large blocks. The jump is one that startles even the engineer familiar with the largest existing power plants and systems. Grand Coulee, which holds all records for production of electric energy over a period of time, has a capacity of slightly under 2 million kilowatts, or 2,000 megawatts (mw). The Soviet Union has a hydroelectric plant at Bratsk, Siberia, on the Angara River, which is supposed to have a capacity of 4,500 mw firm (power always available). The Consolidated Edison system, which supplies all of New York City and most of Westchester, can generate 6,000 mw with every available unit rolling. TVA has a generating capacity of some 12,700 mw, both hydro and coal-fired, in fifty-six plants, the largest of which is rated at 1,440 mw. Hammond envisions single nuclear plants up to 8,000 mw, or about two-thirds the capacity of the entire TVA system. (All the above are reckoned in terms of electrical output which, in a steam plant, is about a third of heat delivered to the turbines. (Thus an 8,000 mw plant, electrical, would be rated at 25,000 thermal.) Speculation extends to even larger plants.

The economics of the big atom is similar to experience in other enterprises, such as chemicals, aluminum, etc. A few items are "scale-sensitive," others are not. A plant will burn fuel, whether uranium or coal, pretty much in proportion to the energy it produces: this is an example of a component not radically affected by scale, once the design has been set. On the other hand, the cost of manufacture of nuclear fuel elements, the reclamation of spent fuel, the engineering and construction of the plant, the instrumentation, shielding and other safety features—none of these goes up in proportion to size. The bigger you make the plant, the less each megawatt of capacity will cost and the more efficient the operation will be.

For producing electricity alone, plants on such a Gargantuan scale as 25,000 mw thermal, 8,000 mw electrical, are out of the question at present. If a power station of ordinary size—a few hundred or at most a couple of thousand megawatts—should suffer a sudden failure, the other plants in the system would take over the load. Electrical eggs cannot all be put in one basket; besides, there are few localities that can use such huge blocks of power. There must be another outlet for the heat energy drawn from the reactors. The Oak Ridge program is to study dual-purpose nuclear plants which would wholesale both electricity and distilled water, the distillation being carried on by the low-pressure exhaust steam from the turbines (mostly heat that is useless for power generation).

It is estimated that usable water could be produced in this way at the rate of 1 billion gallons per day for 15c or less per 1,000 gallons. One can begin to irrigate at this price and save heavily on municipal use: cities distribute water at 30-80c per thousand gallons, in some cases higher. The cost might be further reduced by designing the reactors to breed plutonium. With fast breeder reactors, which are in an early stage of development, under favorable conditions water costs might fall as low as 5c per thousand gallons. In the Snowy Mountain scheme of Australia, the electricity pays for the water, which is distributed free.

Substantial savings in residential and industrial heating would be a by-product of large dual-purpose plants, since low-cost electricity would compete with price-fixed oil and gas. Any section of the country in which such plants were located would become a low power-cost area. In such an area, as exemplified by the TVA region, practically everyone heats with electricity.

Low-cost electricity also means low-cost fertilizer. The original purpose of the Muscle Shoals plant, the nucleus of TVA, was to produce nitrates for the manufacture of explosives in World War I; later the nitrates were to be used in the manufacture of fertilizer. Fertilizer plus water is the formula for increased agricultural output. Other chemical and manufacturing processes would also benefit. One envisions great industrial complexes growing up about the dual-purpose nuclear plants.

All these benefits are within reach. In five years a prototype reactor of intermediate size, say 3,500 mw thermal, could be built; in another five years, a plant of 25,000 mw thermal, and so on up. The cost of the big plant would be about a billion dollars, of which a third

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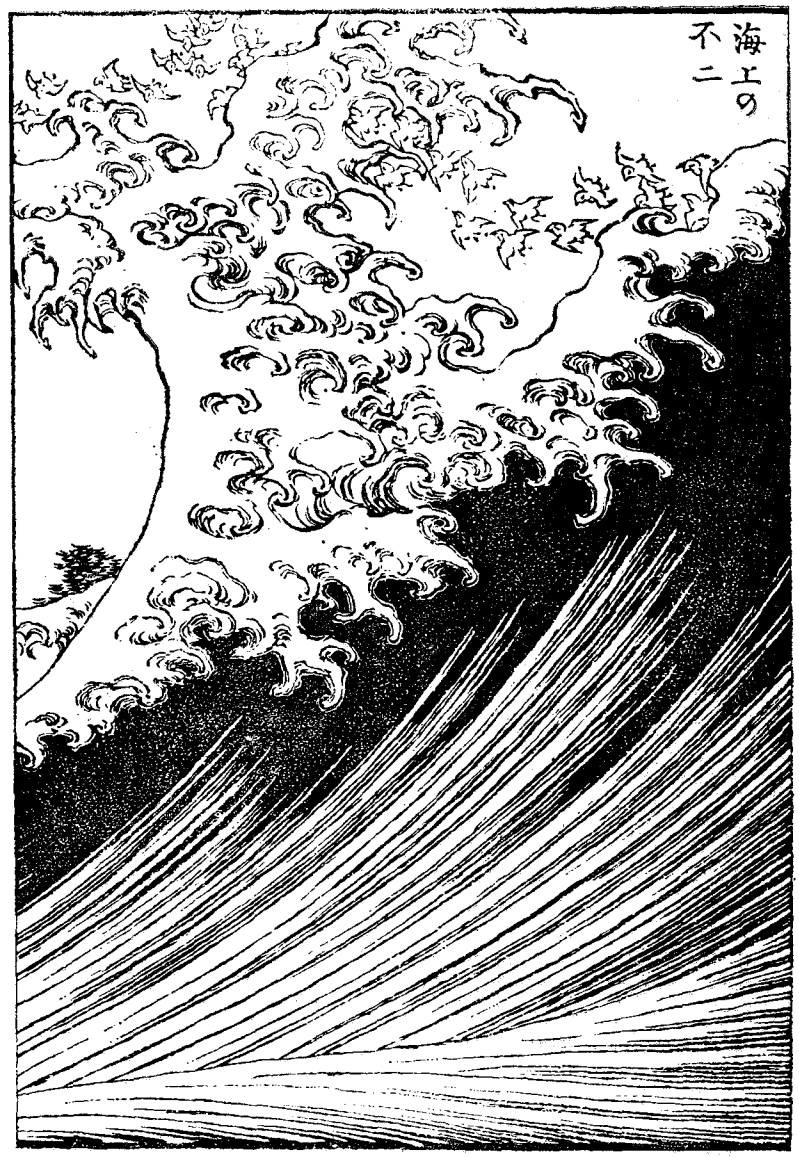
would be for water, two-thirds for power — this two-thirds being divided between heat for the water section and for the turbines to generate electricity. Such a plant would operate with three reactors, each about twice as large as the ones used for production of fissionable material for weapons at Savannah River and Hanford. No "breakthroughs" are needed in distillation, nuclear power or electrical generating technology. All that the development calls for is an extension of present practice. Difficulties must be expected in any ambitious program of innovation, but the nuclear water-electricity project is in contrast to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's unsupportable claim that the moon project falls within the state of the art. There is no question that mammoth dual-purpose nuclear plants can be built; and the benefits will be realized here on earth, to fill vital human needs.

Large-scale nuclear energy has revolutionary political implications. In the November 16 *Nation*, Jerome Ellison ("Our Quaint Political Folkways") pointed out that the only kind of change that is stubbornly resisted is the political. Under present circumstances, there is no chance of any of Mr. Ellison's proposals getting a fair hearing, much less being put in practice. Socio-economic adjustment lags behind the atom even farther than it lagged behind pre-atomic technology. But perhaps, at what may be the last opportunity, politics will manage to catch up with technology after all, or at least speed up enough to avert catastrophe.

Alvin Weinberg cites John von Neumann's observation (*Fortune*, June, 1955, "Can We Survive Technology?") that modern science and technology have become so big that in many cases they have rendered our geographical and political units, fragmented by what Veblen called "use and wont," obsolete or worse. Weinberg emphasizes that "not only our *political* organizations are being rendered obsolete by the march of *military* technology, but also our *economic* organizations are being rendered obsolete by the march of *civilian* technology; and that, hopefully, our science as well as our technology are driving the world toward an unaccustomed unity."



The scale of the proposed nuclear plants is too large to be accommodated by existing economic organizations and institutions, yet the potential benefits are enormous.

Typically, society does not adapt its habits and institutions to a new technology massif until adjustment becomes a matter of life and death for a sizable proportion of the population, and involves qualms of conscience, as well as danger to life and property, for the more fortunate. We now find ourselves in such a situation. It is quite plain that birth control, revolutionary socio-economic changes and large-scale application of nuclear energy will *all* be needed to avert global disaster within the lifetime (if indeed they live) of today's school children. Whatever we do, risk is involved. The risk is greater if we do nothing. It is minimized, in my opinion, if we grasp the nettle and, by adopting the great technology, force ourselves to learn to live with it.

Just as it makes the traditional polity obsolete, modern technology makes obsolete some of the lesser conflicts that distract us from the serious issues. The contention between public and private power interests may be resolved more readily in an age of power plenty than when, by comparison, power was scarce. Public and private power can coexist as long as both are surpassingly efficient; provided, also, that savings are passed on to the consuming public which, through the AEC, has subsidized the atomic power industry to the tune of about $1.3 billion to date, and proposes to contribute at least another $2 billion during the next decade. Reduction of 1 mill in power cost will save nearly $1 billion yearly in power costs now, and ten times as much in a decade. A pattern for the fu-

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ture may be discerned in the joint operation by the Los Angeles Bureau of Water and Power and Southern California Edison of the U-shaped power plant below Hoover Dam. Together they are amortizing the dam, the reservoir and the machinery. One generates and amortizes on the west side of the U, the other on the east side. The difference is hardly more important than whether the dam should be called Boulder or Hoover — a question which had symbolic importance in the thirties. And Hoover Dam is a modest project compared with the proposed nuclear plants.

Strangely, at this juncture, David E. Lilienthal comes out against nuclear power in general in *Change, Hope and the Bomb* (Princeton University Press) and in lectures and magazine articles. We owe Mr. Lilienthal a great deal, and to quarrel with him is reminiscent of the story in which the would-be borrower reminds his friend of the boons he had conferred on him in the past, only to be asked, "But what have you done for me *lately*?" The fact is, just the same, that in the nuclear line Mr. Lilienthal has done nothing for us for thirteen years. He does not seem to be aware of the developments at Oak Ridge; at any rate there is no mention of them in the book. When, however, he argues against the "peaceful atom" on the ground of potential hazards to life and health, he must be shown to be wrong or the projects cease to be attractive. The risks, both in large-scale application and in the present range up to 1,000 mw, will be discussed in a forthcoming article.

ORDEAL IN OKANOGAN . . . . . Grace Bassett

A Far Right matching the ardor of the Far Left of the 1930s is on trial in a little county courthouse of a mountain valley in the state of Washington.

Parties to the dispute in the Okanogan Valley are out of the American dream. On the Right are two members of the John Birch Society, plus a private investigator of Communists and a newspaper editor. These four found in the remote Washington valley what conservative "study groups" are stalking but rarely sight all over the West — a state legislator they could link to communism.

He is John Goldmark, forty-six, rancher, lawyer, a three-term state representative, honor graduate of the Harvard Law School and nephew of the late Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis. His wife, Sally, joined the Communist Party in Washington, D.C., in 1935.

Her Party membership and his liberal legislative record were woven by the Birchers, the redbaiter and the newspaper man into a web that paralyzed the Goldmark re-election campaign in 1962. Weeks later, Democrats voted John Goldmark out of politics, three to one, in a three-way primary.

The Goldmarks were condemned by publicity of a tie they said they had broken twenty years ago. They were stunned at having been judged guilty by their neighbors in 1962 of a disloyalty they denied. Once characterized as tools of communism, they could never convince some people that they were the useful citizens they believed themselves to be.

John and Sally Goldmark sued their four accusers. They asked $225,000, charging their reputations had been libeled and slandered "with malice and permanently." The trial is under way.

Plaintiffs don't expect to repair the damage. By their suit, they do hope to discredit the rightists. They want to dramatize how zealots, by lodging false reports of Communist activity, unfairly destroy by this simple charge the social usefulness of citizens—temporarily at least.

Defendants insist their reports on the Goldmarks are true. Defense lawyers have said they will prove that John and Sally Goldmark are under Communist discipline today. If jurors imply agreement by throwing out the suit, the rightists expect not to be discredited but reinvigorated.

The very existence of the trial symbolizes the startling power of rightists' strategy against their political opponents in the West. In the Goldmark campaign, the assault had an impact on far more people than extremists. Moderate Democrats, after all, rejected John Goldmark rather than risk a possible Party taint. Throughout the West, a new, intense conservatism appeals to voters past the logic of many professional politicians.

Why? Some of the reasons are unfolding in the Goldmark story. It has become more than a trial; it is now a case study.

John and Sally Goldmark adopted the Okanogan Valley in 1947. They have puzzled the natives ever since. He was born in Scarsdale, N.Y., she in Brooklyn. He is handsome and intelligent; she, calm, efficient and about ten years older than her husband. He belonged to the New York state bar and left a job as government lawyer in Washington, D.C. He and his wife said they went West in 1946 because they preferred country to city living.

A year later, they bought a ranch on an Indian reservation, across the river and behind the mountains from Okanogan (population 3,000), county seat of the state's least populous and most landed county. They raised cattle, grew wheat and bred horses. Their two boys grew up on the ranch and went to public schools in town.

He was elected to the legislature and became a leader of the liberal faction in the House. He worked for funds for schools (which are supported 80 per cent by the state), he helped extend highways and won $337,000 for four parks in his constituency, Okanogan and Douglas Counties. He blocked legislation to cripple public utilities and dedicated himself to the public, as opposed to private, power program. In 1960, he fought a losing battle to hold the Washington Democratic delegation for Adlai Stevenson against John Kennedy at the Los Angeles convention. His wife was president of the Okanogan Parent

Grace Bassett is a reporter on The Washington Star. *She is a former resident of the community where the incidents she describes are taking place.*

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Teachers Association and ran the county fair.

More in humility than suspicion, their neighbors still kept asking, "Why did they come here to live?" The Goldmarks in sixteen years of ranching never outgrew their brand as dudes. What was unknown made them different. In the Valley, people in the towns along the river may not see nor like lots of people, but they know about almost everybody. But when Mrs. Goldmark came to town to shop, she bought groceries instead of visiting with other housewives on the sidewalk. Guests nobody else knew flew in and out of the Goldmarks' mountain retreat. He owned a plane and had both a commercial and private pilot license.

As the Goldmarks continued to enjoy their privacy and contribute to their community, more volatile political forces pervaded the state in the 1960s. The John Birch Society beckoned to citizens. Watch out for subversives in the state legislature, advised Don Caron, a state president of the Society. He warned that Communists penetrate Statehouses to prepare for a takeover because the average American ignores what goes on in his own legislature. Don Caron lived in the Okanogan Valley.

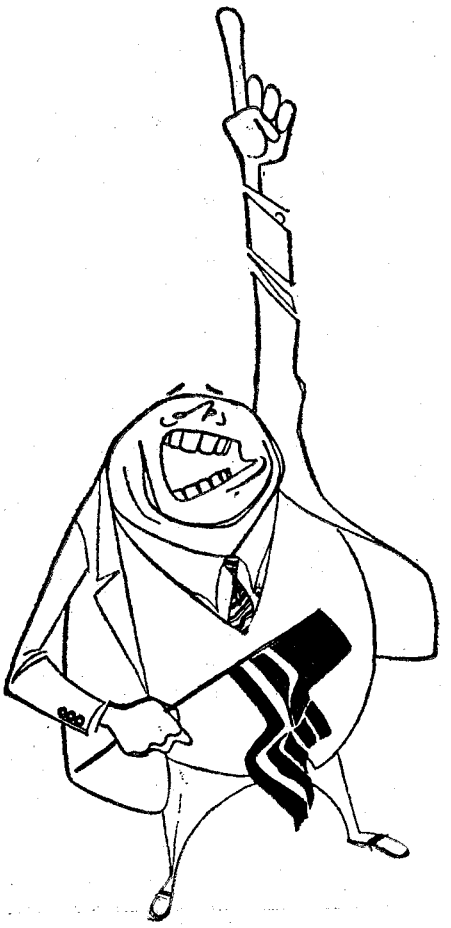
Another Bircher was Loris Gillespie, sixty-three, proud to claim he was "one of the first white children" born in a valley where the white man warred with the Indian for land. Mr. Gillespie was a moneymaker — in newspapers, theatres and utilities. He helped finance two friends, Albert Canwell and Ashley Holden, on a trip to Washington, D.C., in 1961 to "look into the Goldmark case," it was testified at the trial.

Al Canwell has set up the "American Intelligence Service" in Spokane, market center for vast rural suburbs including Okanogan. Ashley Holden, former political writer for *The Spokesman Review* in Spokane, edits a valley newspaper in Tonasket (population 1,000).

The Canwell Service is a second-floor walk-up equipped with a library for books and taped speeches by such conservatives as deposed Salt Lake City Police Chief W. Cleon Skousen, actor Ronald Reagan and social evangelist Billy Hargis. Mr. Canwell sits at a desk flanked by pictures of former Senators Joe McCarthy, William Jenner and Herman Welker. They were his heroes in 1940 when his own Little Un-American Activities Committee in the State Legislature threw a Red scare into schools and led to the firing of some University of Washington professors.

The University is sensitive still. When Dr. Giovanni Costigan, history professor, last year protested inaccuracies in a film crediting communism with world domination, he became the object of a smear campaign intimating his own disloyalty. The Canwell library furnishes books and tapes to the "Freedom Fighters," husbands and wives in Spokane whose study groups grew to a membership of 20,000 in their first six months. Mr. Canwell testified that he farmed and worked most of the day and often part of the night, seven days a week, operating his investigating service. "Some people play golf in their spare time," he explained. "I investigate Communists."

These were the men—Don Caron, Loris Gillespie, Al Canwell and Ashley Holden—sued by the Goldmarks. The John Birch Society was dismissed as a defendant by the judge who found no evidence that the Society directed anti-Goldmark plots. The couple claimed damages primarily for:



1. Publication in September, 1962, of Mr. Caron's warning. The "clear innuendo" was that the Goldmarks had been sent by the Communist Party to infiltrate the Statehouse, the suit claimed.

2. Accusations at a public meeting in August, 1962, that Mr. Goldmark belonged to a Communist-front organization. The organization so identified was the American Civil Liberties Union. Mr. Goldmark is a state officer.

3. Publication and circulation of a tape of an interview with Al Canwell asserting that Mrs. Goldmark had joined the "second highest Communist cell in Washington" and had failed to give the House Un-American Activities Committee any valuable information about it.

The disclosure that Mrs. Goldmark had been a member of the Party rocked the Valley. Both the Goldmarks and their accusers are relying on her own testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1956, released to the court just last month. The transcript will prove Mrs. Goldmark joined the Party as a naive girl and that her husband John detested communism, according to the Goldmark lawyers. Defense attorneys lean on the same document to try to show that Mrs. Goldmark neither left the Party nor exposed its activities.

She had testified that her family, in the depression, couldn't afford to send her back to medical school. She gave up ambitions to be a doctor and went home from the University of Wisconsin to New York to find work in 1929. Mrs. Goldmark went on:

> *Unemployment in New York City at that time, thinking about it now, was a horrible thing, and I was both curious and appalled at my own lack of information, although I thought I had studied at college, because I never had heard of socialism. I heard of The Workers' School and enrolled on my own in a class at the School in New York.*
>
> *This was an honest attempt, I think, on my part to understand what was happening in the world as well as in the field of interna-*

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tional relations which I was employed on on my job.

She found work with a Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America. Later, she worked for the AFL Teachers Union Auxiliary and, in Washington from 1935 to 1942 in youth and recreation programs with the Works Progress Administration, a White House Conference and the National Youth Administration.

"The pressure was extreme from people I'd met at the School to join the Communist Party," Mrs. Goldmark continued. But she didn't join in New York. After she went to Washington, one of the people at the School urged her repeatedly to become a Communist. "I said to myself that perhaps there was something I could do that would be helpful to the unemployed, and I joined the Communist Party in the fall of 1935 in Washington," Mrs. Goldmark testified. She was twenty-eight years old.

Since 1949, she said, she'd given the FBI information it wanted about members she'd known. She met Committee demands for the names of her friend who had put such pressure on her to join the Party, and of members of her Washington cell including two she said were leaders.

"Most of the people who belonged were artists and writers who had an almost entirely theoretical interest in communism and no occupational interest," Mrs. Goldmark said. It was so long ago, she found the experience "not easy to remember." But there was a sculptor, a man interested in folk music, an elderly musicologist.

Asked why she broke with the Party, Mrs. Goldmark said:

My husband was not sympathetic with it. He was a person with whom I could talk about it. He was both reasonable and logical and I agreed with him.

He knew when he married me that I had been a member of the Communist Party. I told him directly when he asked me to marry him. And I told him I didn't think he should become involved.

She met John when he was a lawyer with the Office of Price Administration and married him in 1942 when he was a Naval officer. Now, he is a commander in the Naval Reserve.

"He said it didn't make any difference to him because he trusted my honesty completely," Mrs. Goldmark added. "And I decided I was going to leave the Party."

In 1942 and 1943, her "relationship with the Party was less than it had been," and she "left Washington in 1943." At another point in the questioning, she said she'd had no contact with any of the people she'd met in the Party after she left Washington, D.C.

Her Congressional inquisitors clearly were not satisfied with her descriptions of cell meetings. Eight to ten people met in private homes — never her own because she lived in the country, even then, at Accokeek, Md. Members discussed the arts. They talked about what the "government was trying to achieve in aid to foreign countries and . . . production here to meet the needs of future allies."

"The thing I want you to tell — and I earnestly beseech you to do so — are the activities of the cell in furtherance of the objectives of the Communist Party," the Committee lawyer persisted.

"We did no propaganda work," Mrs. Goldmark answered. "We did no solicitation of members."

"It was not just a Marxist study group, was it?"

"In part it was, largely, yes," Mrs. Goldmark told him.

"Was there any action program?"

Mrs. Goldmark remembered a request that she draw up a pamphlet suitable for use in the Party on education and recreation. "But I never did write it." She said members did try to get jobs for their friends in government. She never had a Party card, she said.

At the end of the questioning, Mrs. Goldmark told the Committee how much she appreciated the private hearing.

I have tried as much as possible to make good on what I consider now might have been regarded as a breach of faith with my own country. At the time which I did it I did not believe it was so. But subsequent events have proven it to be so, and I very much regret it. And, because I do, I would like to be helpful to you.

. . . My future is in the state of Washington and I would like to continue that future as a good citizen without having things which I did so long ago prejudice people against me.

John Goldmark was defeated at the polls because his wife had joined the Communist Party thirty years ago during an economic depression. The Goldmark suit protests this easy judgment of the electorate.

The campaign attack was shrugged off as "politics." John Goldmark's guilt was assumed when his wife's Party experience was publicized. The rightest assault was not considered a smear, but a patriotic duty well done. The couple's sixteen years of family and civic decency were blurred by an ancient indiscretion. That any political opponent would expose a John Goldmark and end his political career anywhere in the country was taken for granted.

The Goldmark suit defies the condoned attitudes as ethically lax. The general indifference to individual rights in Communist hunts may have been conditioned by years of crying treason without finding a traitor. The Goldmarks went to court to remind Washingtonians they had forgotten the accused in the proliferation of study groups, taped speeches and anti-Communist films dedicated to applauding the accuser.

The protest is a single voice. And John Goldmark may not be the most persuasive champion of a social ethic. A liberal who identifies with John Goldmark must ask himself, Would I have run for public office? Having been elected, would I have made a secret of my wife's past until my enemies exposed her? Having been defeated, would I have sued?

No matter how he answers, he returns to one uncomfortable certainty — there was nobody but the Goldmarks to challenge the breakdown of ethics implicit in the reception given the rightist attack. The Goldmarks were its only live victims.

Easier for the fresh crusading conservatives of the West to understand is defendant Ashley Holden's interpretation of the suit. Mr. Holden, who wears a "Goldwater in '64" button, said: "It's to knock the daylights out of conservatives all over the country." Strangers have sent him money and messages, "God bless you," and "Keep up the fight."

The Goldmark voice deserves to be heard beyond the wilderness of his mountain home.

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The Varieties of Love

Emile Capouya

In an old book we are told that it is better to marry than to burn. Undeniable; and yet it is the kind of truth that puts a cloud over the sun. In that twilight, Benjamin Franklin resolves to "rarely use venery, but for health and offspring"—as it were, St. Paul cut to Poor Richard's purse. No wonder many people find that sort of prudence morally offensive. And is it only the ribald who will be tempted to ask, "What's he saving it for?"

The Western tradition appears to regard sexual energy as a scarce resource, to be managed according to the prescriptions of that characteristic Western science: economics. Frugality, abstinence, careful husbanding of one's means, cautious investment of the same—that is what is wanted. The big spenders we always have with us, of course, but we are taught to look upon their way of life as at best vulgar and at worst sinful, like lighting cigars with banknotes. In our economy of sexual scarcity the thoughts of love are gray or lurid. Yet our natures are older than the Western tradition, and struggle to be neither gray nor lurid.

What is it men in women do require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.
What is it women do in men require?
The lineaments of Gratified Desire.

Quite. But if our sexual economics were not so gray, Blake would not have to be so magnificently and so pathetically insistent.

An economic good is well on the way to being a commodity and, sure enough, under certain conditions, love comes on the market. The material, physical kind is bought and sold, and so is the abstract, literary variety. At this point the distinction between production for use and production for profit is apposite. Everything being equal, commercial love, physical or literary, is likely to be of inferior quality. Love is peculiarly a field for the gifted amateur. The artist does better work than the hack because he has love on his mind rather than cash.

Generally speaking, publishers and law courts cannot tell the difference. Or rather, publishers favor the article of commerce, and in a commercial society the law smiles on it too. Most of the books that an intelligent and cultivated person would find offensive in their treatment of love will never run afoul of the law. Falseness, sentimentality, displaced emotion of the filmy negligee school—none of that is thought likely to impair the morals of a minor. But if evil communications do, in fact, corrupt good manners, the young have more to fear from the books that are freely available to them than from those the postmaster has been impounding since Mrs. Grundy first took the job. Nevertheless, in an industrial society that depends for its life upon a strict and galling discipline, the felt danger is that the tastes and manners of the young may *not* be corrupted to the point where they will accept what that society can best provide; against that danger the law and public opinion are vigilant. For, unfortunately, real love, like real art, is subversive. The one is, and the other hints at, an ideal state that swears at the imperfections of our working arrangements, conventions, codes of conduct. Art and love are revolutionary in their essence, and must be tamed or suppressed.

Such, at any rate, is the general rule, and we need to frame the rule in order to account for the astounding fact that what is most patently cheap and corrupting in our literature does not in the ordinary course attract the censor's attention.

But having examined the foundations of the subject, it is time to look at the superstructure, and here the rule needs to be amplified. When, as in our society, a traditional moral code starts to fall apart, and gives place to an ignorant eclecticism and an ignorant nihilism, two previously proscribed views of love begin to be acceptable, and two very different kinds of books emerge from under the counter. The subversive love denied by St. Paul and Benjamin Franklin, by the temple and the money-changers, the love that would wreck the assembly line and give the time clock a fit, that love and its book—say *Lady Chatterley* — are adjudged licit and mailable. And the book that, out-Herods Herod, the mirror-image of the sick suppressions and denials of church and counting-house, the book of the ersatz and surrogate love expressed in the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of purple petticoats — say *Fanny Hill* — comes out of hiding too. *Can* publishers and law courts tell the difference? Well, the publishers need not, since both books are bought in quantities that testify to our hunger. As for the courts, they are partly demoralized by the crisis in manners and partly shamefaced over their past excesses—having at one time or another suppressed every good book dealing with love from the *Arabian Nights* to *Ulysses*.

When our traditional moral code was on the job, it helped focus obsessive attention on the organs of reproduction by forbidding mention of them, at least under their real names. The obsessive concern extended to other parts of the body that our customs and our climate persuaded us to keep covered, even women's ankles. The very anatomical terms were covered over with more abstract, more elegant, words. In nineteenth-century novels, the hero clasps the heroine to his breast, bosom or heart, all of which are to be understood in their moral and not their physical sense; to this day, he does not press her to his chest, not in novels. Again, my mother still says "limbs" for legs, and "extremities" for what's below the knee. Occasionally—but this is jocular—she says "unmentionables" where we racy moderns say underwear. And yet "unprintable" is a strict analogue of "unmentionable." It is such fashions in speech that make the serious artist and the hack pay special tribute, each in his own way, to the sexual organs. Lawrence sings out the forbidden English names for them, and lesser men find a hundred cute or suggestive or merely Latin paraphrases. Strictly speaking, the sex organs are not indispensable to the erotic novel. Everyone understands quite well that they are the physical ground of love-making. We don't have to keep referring nervously to the air we breathe or the food we eat, simply because those good things have not

Emile Capouya is a free-lance writer who until recently was an editor with a New York publisher.

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yet fallen under a ban. But what a nuisance when a great writer wants to talk seriously of love! He has first to shock his readers into considering openly what inveterate pretense has made them cherish furtively, the thought of those covered-up things.

So D. H. Lawrence writes a straightforward polemic against industrialism and the kinds of political order founded on industrialism, and he mentions the sex organs now and again, but never calls them anything so foolish as sex organs. His book is astonishingly free of gush, the signature of embarrassment. It must have seemed very wicked thirty years ago. It seems quite innocent now, and so said Judge Frederick Van Pelt Bryan in 1959, when the Postmaster of New York City banned *Lady Chatterley's Lover* from the mails. Judge Bryan's written opinion wears an air of courteous surprise at the Postmaster's finding offensive the book that Lawrence had thought of naming *Tenderness*, and that very well deserves the title. W. C. Handy once told an interviewer, "The blues regenerates a man." Lawrence thought it just possible that our dying society might find its regeneration in love, and near the end of his life he wrote the modest and beautiful book that shocked the Postmaster.

We referred earlier to John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, alias *Fanny Hill*, and called it hard names. With perfect justice. It bears the same relation to love that an all-girl orchestra does to music. It is something for the tourists. Perfervid, exclamatory, abounding in ready raptures, *Fanny Hill* is the kind of enthusiastic sham that makes you want to avert your eyes because of the strong likelihood that the author is carried away by his own fakery. And it contains an unadvertised special, an unmistakable strain of homosexuality.

Unmistakable is a manner of speaking. To my knowledge, no critic has mentioned the matter in print, though M. L. Rosenthal refers to it in an unpublished article. Where is everybody? The variety of phallus-worship that is poor Fanny's substitute for religion makes her unique among females. Women will admit readily enough that the male organ is useful, even necessary; they do not, as a matter of experience, think it beautiful. But Fanny does, which is to say, Cleland does. It is quite clear that for him the penis is terrible as an army with banners. It is as false a note as Stanley Kowalski's description of erotic ecstasy—"Getting those colored lights going." As if anyone genuinely interested in women felt the impulse to decorate them with colored lights. The decorative impulse, very willingly indulged, is what betrays Cleland's concealed preoccupation—concealed, perhaps, from Cleland too. And unfortunately for his readers, even his taste in decoration is bad. It is not merely that he enjoys a spot of rape or flagellation—sports that an austere judge might censure—but chiefly that his book is a chaplet of swoons, transports, paroxysms and suchlike tomfoolery, telling us plainly enough that Cleland's interest in love-making is all in your eye and Betty Martin. Not to mention the consummate vulgarity of supposing, throughout a longish book, that prostitutes adore their customers.

If we were all perfect, humor would be an impertinence; no doubt our funnybone will atrophy as we approach perfection. But for the long nonce, a third attitude to love and sex is bound to persist—that expressed in bawdry. The astonishment that love inspires because it is our most immediate experience of the sacred is the normative fact for understanding the other possible views, perverse or hilarious. That is, the decorative impulse bespeaks insensibility to the sacred or else guilt before it, boredom or self-contempt, and as one or the other is preponderant it shows itself in sexual tastes that range from the whimsical to the pathological, from colored lights to whips and shackles. (The documentation is copious. The hair shirt and scourge of Christian asceticism have their creepy analogues in Cleland, Sade and Balzac, not to mention such up-to-the-minute instances as André Pieyre de Mandiargues' *The Girl Beneath the Lion* or Pauline Réage's *Histoire d'O.*)

Bawdry too is best understood in terms of its relation to the sacred. There would be little point in making fun of sexual love if it were not a great mystery. Irreverence at its highest pitch must make a butt of what is holy—hence the popularity of jokes about religion and sex, and the universal currency of folk poetry that is comically obscene and blasphemous. The most naive order of obscene, popular verse depends on parody, repeating ritualistically the half-dozen forbidden words to a tune that is famous in another connection, often as a hymn or a love song. Sometimes the parody reproduces the original rhyme scheme, particularly if it is a pretentious or tricky one: "When They Beguine to Clean the Latrine," and the obscene version of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which matches the internal rhyme of the original with great skill, are well-known examples. More sophisticated, more forceful, burlesque also turns naturally to religion and sex, like the fine old ballad whose one quotable verse ("printable," "mentionable") catches both themes at once:

The Dominie's wife was also there
Backed agin the wa',
Crying to the laddies
Hey, hey, come one, come a'.

By definition, spirituality is what bawdy discourse doesn't have. Its level is very neatly suggested by Chesterton's aphorism on maintaining a mistress: "The position is ridiculous, the expense damnable." How much can be made of a philosophy of love that locates it somewhere between situation-comedy and slapstick? Ordinarily, not much. The dirty story is commonly its highest flight. But there are exceptions — Lucian and Petronius in classic literature, and in Chinese the incomparable *Jou Pu Tuan*, recently published in English for the first time. Those old Chinese knew a thing or two. They knew enough to be graceful when they were being gross. The pretensions of the *Jou Pu Tuan* ("The Prayer-Mat of Flesh") to being a moral tale are agreeable moonshine — the author protests that he is detailing the amorous adventures of his hero, the Before-Midnight Scholar, solely as a warning and a caution to the rising generation. Sure. In any case, until the human race grows up, it will find good-natured bawdry entertaining when it is presented with a certain finesse.

The three categories of erotica that we have been discussing seem to me to cover all the possibilities. The recent output of ban-able books can be classified adequately by reference to one or more of the varieties: love as religious experience; love as a cosmic joke; love as the banal canvas on which, in Baudelaire's phrase, those who wish may embroider the piquancies of rape, arson, poison and the knife. *Lolita*, for example, which sometimes masquerades as bawdry, and sometimes enters a tacit plea to be considered religious, is mostly decoration, and really not worth serious attention as literature. Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves* is unconscious

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comedy, *de facto* bawdry, amusing us at the author's expense. (I am thinking here only of the erotic content of the book and its breathless promises to reveal wonders — promises that from volume to volume are not redeemed. Anyway, Harris' literary standing cannot be based on this unfortunate book, whose judgments on men and letters, fragmentary and often idiosyncratic in the extreme, suggest merely that he was a well-intentioned egotist, a bright, stupid man not readily distinguishable from our happy era's dominant type.)

It is an excellent thing that publishers are making modest fortunes these days by openly publishing books that talk persuasively or stridently of the varieties of love. It is an excellent thing that the courts, on the whole, are shamefacedly endorsing both the pure and gamy specimens of the genre. Why inquire minutely into the motives on both sides? Pioneering zeal, greed and moral confusion are all discernible in the publishers' choices — the same mixture of laudable and unavowable motives that underlies most human conduct. And recall that we owe the availability of *Ulysses* to a decision by Judge Woolsey, proudly quoted in and out of season, that contains much bad literary criticism and, I believe, some bad law. The judge admits that he was guided by the opinion of two literary friends who acted as an unsworn jury and advised him that to their minds Joyce's masterpiece was not obscene. A reversible error, perhaps? I present it, gratis, to the reigning postmaster.

The case against censorship is always that the best books are the most controversial and therefore the first to be suppressed. Paris is worth a mass, and *Lady Chatterley* a library of irrelevancies like *Fanny Hill*. Let us wish the publishers success in their efforts to rehabilitate the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary and turn a penny. As for our Daniels come to judgment, let us applaud indiscriminately each failure of theirs to interpret the obscenity laws in the deplorable spirit in which they were enacted.

Art Books of 1963

Max Kozloff

Monographs

DELACROIX. By Lee Johnson. W. W. Norton. 117 pp.; 24 color plates. $3.95.

In the spate of publications occasioned by the Delacroix centennial this year, Lee Johnson's little monograph is exceptional. It is a documented, historical study on the most optical and subjective of problems: Delacroix's color. If Delacroix earned his enormous place in modern art by his chromatic imagination, Johnson is the first to go past mere recognition of this fact to a close examination of the artist's range and restrictions, as well as to give an account of his impact, great though misunderstood by Signac, et al. Without the slightest pedantry, Johnson tallies every one of his observations with a color plate, the while building up a moving and cumulative story of Delacroix's internal conflicts, his nostalgia for tradition, his observation of the color components of shadows, his relation to contemporary scientific color theory, and his anticipation of much in Impressionism and Post-Impressionism. In addition, such Delacroix concepts as *liaisons* and *hachures de sentiment* are illuminated, while much new material, iconographical and biographical, is brought concisely to light. Best of all, this art-historian knows how to see, think and write; his *Delacroix* is a model of intelligence and responsibility.

SCULPTURE AND CERAMICS OF PAUL GAUGUIN. By Christopher Gray. Johns Hopkins. 330 pp.; 19 color plates, black-and-white photographs. $22.50.

Building on earlier researches, but going much beyond them, Gray shows the genesis of Gauguin's sculpture in the French ceramic industry, and traces its sources through all the complexities of Symbolist aesthetics and Polynesian theology. His text is a well-annotated compilation of technical explanations on ceramic procedures, commentary by Gauguin himself, ethnological lore and a number of very brave interpretations of difficult subjects. The second part of the book is a *catalogue raisonné*, impeccably researched and beautifully photographed.

What emerges of scholarly value is by far the most comprehensive picture to date of the relation of Gauguin's sculpture to his painting (in which it is frequently portrayed) and to the processes of his mind. Unfortunately, Gray writes rather stiffly, and his approach falls short of a stylistic analysis as sophisticated as the art he discusses. Gauguin's reliefs and ceramics had no effect on modern sculpture, but gathered together here they wildly raise one's admiration for him as a creator. In fact, they are haunting to behold, and it is perhaps no discredit to Gray that their enigma remains.

CAMILLE PISSARRO. By John Rewald. Abrams. 159 pp.; 48 tipped-in color plates; 74 black-and-white illus. $15.

The latest in a series of big monographs by Abrams, this one suffers from the physical shortcomings of its predecessors: clumsy production, shamefully blurry, false color reproductions (with no side margins), and a format that obliges a long commentary on every plate and threatens the inventiveness of any author. Rewald's coup is to present us with a number of rarely seen and unexpected Pissarros. But he has either not cared, or simply not been able, to provide relevant critical insight into Pissarro's work, and this underrated master needs it. Description is not analysis, and culling from a really vast knowledge of primary biographical sources is not art-history.

JASPER JOHNS. By Leo Steinberg. Wittenborn. 45 pp.; 4 color reproductions; many black-and-white. $3.50.

Originally published as an article in a magazine, *Jasper Johns* now appears in amplified form as an independent monograph. It is a classic of American art criticism, one of the few essays to redeem hope in this needlessly languishing field.

Everywhere one senses an extraordinary affinity between author and subject, an affinity that is expressed as a kind of reverie, or a thinking out loud, about ambiguity (of truly Empsonian proportions). Steinberg begins with an account of criticism on Johns, but the body of his work is an inventory of the possible alternatives for interpreting the artist's subjects. In eight propositions, samples of which are that "Johns's subjects are whole entities or complete systems" or that "Johns's subjects are associable with sufferance rather than action," there ensues a sustained inquiry into the nature of *metaphor* at the core of a vision which has made the most im-

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portant step away from Abstract Expressionism. At the end, a section asks whether it is proper to find poetic content in Johns's work, and provides some remarks, the shortest of all, in which Steinberg offers criticism of what he has written.

In point of fact, the whole essay is a self-criticism, a tissue of the most ingenious doubts, of which his remarkable organization is the merest reflection. The more ways Steinberg is able to "read" an image-ground relationship, or an opposition between flatness and illusion, the more the work baffles him, and leads him on to an interrogation that increases his, and I think the reader's, embarrassment. But in the shadow of this embarrassment, practically every other American critic is revealeld as incapable of asking the most revealed questions. As for answers, Steinberg implies, rightly for Johns, that the elaborate introspection and kindling of mind that the artist elicited is its own reward. Here Steinberg's method grows quite naturally out of experience, and in the couching of the problems and the finding of a vocabulary, it is not so much his technical brilliance as his most authentic and personal encounter with works of art that earns respect.

VELAZQUEZ: A CATALOGUE RAISONNE OF HIS OEUVRE. By José López-Rey. Faber and Faber. (Available through Wittenborn.) 367 pp.; 465 plates. $40.

Its author would undoubtedly put greatest stock in the accuracy and comprehensiveness of this catalogue (a critique of the up-to-now standard work by August Mayer), but for lay readers his study introducing the list will have a far more abiding interest. It is an extended effort to put Velázquez's work into an understanding of his world, and it is abetted by recent radiographs of paintings, and a fiercely Hispanic intelligence. On such matters as Velázquez's intention and change of brushwork in portraying divine and human figures, on his stoic attitudes in the portrayal of dwarfs, and the socio-iconographical background of the great masterpieces, López-Rey is not merely convincing, but authoratative. But I found his use of words such as "carnal," "cloddish" and "sentient," confusing, while the monotony of a text that covers much of the same ground as the catalogue has not always been avoided. Inasmuch as the black-and-white illustrations are poor, $40 seems a bit much.

Movements

THE FAUVES. By Jean-Paul Crespelle. New York Graphic Society. 351 pp.; 100 color plates. $25.

Because it is visually as handsome and exciting as it could possibly be, and textually a pastiche of chitchat and anecdotes, Crespelle's *The Fauves* is the saddest missed opportunity in art publishing this year. Interspersed with tufts of large, clear color reproductions, are remarks about such things as the uses to which Vlaminck put his wooden cravat. The tone is breezy and relaxed, and the criteria of scholarship tolerant enough to include misinformation. Furthermore, Crespelle still sees *Fauvisme* tiresomely as a break with "traditional conventions," and as essentially "the untrammeled expression of the artist's personality." Apparently, he also does not consider himself obliged to look at or talk about a painting. Instead, we are given a saucy evocation of the period, with chapters on the academics and the gallery dealers; and for the rest, some very lush things to see.

MANNERISM: The European Style of the Sixteenth Century. By Franzepp Würtenberger. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 246 pp.; 32 tipped-in color plates; many black-and-white illus. $30.

A glimpse of the erotic, but frustrated, hanky-panky in Bronzino's "Allegory of Venus," reproduced on the cover of this Gargantuan tome, anticipates its intellectual contents. For, scattered throughout these rough, pulpy pages are sometimes the shortest of historical blurbs, hundreds of them, giving one the most varied of flavors in Mannerism, but seldom any enduring nourishment. The approach is cosmopolitan and cinematic, the interplay of text and illustration a dialogue of focus and swift cut. Translated execrably into English, Würtenberger at first makes a bad impression; but in the long run his plucky insistence and organizational prowess win the day. However, if one values pocket essays on such provocative subjects as "Turning the Human Figure into Matter" or "Contrasts Between Physical States and Environmental Tensions," it's the devil to find them again in the inadequate table of contents. Further, given his method, there is no causality or chronological cohesiveness. A general reader will find all this material hard to put together, and a scholar will be irritated by its mercurial breathiness, but both will put it down with reluctance. Mannerism appears more perverse and relevant than ever.

FUTURISM. By Raffaele Carrieri. Edizioni del Milione. (Available through Wittenborn.) 190 pp.; 56 color reproductions. $32.

Were it not for its painting, the rant that accompanied Futurism, however titillating, would have lost its interest long ago. Caffieri, serving up huge gobs of contemporary polemics with a relish that makes one look anew at the

Cells Breathe in the Emptiness

1

When the flowers turn to husks
And the great trees suddenly die
And rocks and old weasel bones lose
The little life they suddenly had
And the air quells and goes so still
It gives the ears something like the bends,
It is an eerie thing to feel
The senses racing in the emptiness.

2

From the compost heap
Now arises the sound of the teeth
Of one of those sloppy green cabbage worms
Eating his route through a cabbage,
Now snarling like a petite chainsaw, now droning on . . .

A butterfly blooms on a buttercup,
From the junkpile flames up a junco.

3

How many plants are really very quiet animals?
How many inert molecules are ready to break into life?

Galway Kinnell

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whole phenomenon, contributes one of the juiciest books to have appeared on a twentieth-century movement in a long time. It is probably just as well that he lets the story tell itself, for his viewpoint is poetic, and not too far removed from the very manifestoes he discusses. Besides, it is nice to have in such comprehensive form a batch of lesser-known material (which complements the Futurist Archives and the recent study of Taylor) in English for the first time. This book, useful as a reference, also confirms Futurist priority in a number of inventions of which we have by no means seen the end.

Surveys

HISTORY OF ART. By H. W. Janson (with Jane Janson). Abrams. 572 pp.; 928 illus., including 80 color pages. $18.50.

The latest in a long line of books which have attempted to provide students with the most synoptic knowledge of the history of art, the Janson volume (which is conceived, characteristically of the author, as an inquiry into the discipline as well as its subject) is a prodigy. Its scope (all of the world's art from Altamira to Pollock) is matched by its talent, its erudition by its lightness, and its predictable organization by its unexpected insights.

Hitherto, the major problems of such an enterprise have been twofold: to avoid cataloguing and catchwords on one hand, and on the other to suggest some kind of organic relationship of historical traditions, and of the power of individual works of art to the reader. Here, there is a simply written introduction on "The Artist and His Public" which broaches the problem of the nature of the work of art—as distinct from, say, works of craft and copies—and the variables in experiencing and judging it. The intellectual coherence of the text depends upon, and yet constantly expands beyond, this subtle and reasonable prelude. In addition, the narrative, which strikes just the right tone between enthusiasm and authority, gains historical continuity by the most deft cross-references of style and culture. Above all, one is impressed by the latest sense of discovery in many of the author's observations, so that, if only brought out by condensation, an intuition of Delacroix's "Chopin" as a blend of Gros's "Napoleon" and Gericault's "Madman" can take the specialist's breath away. The page design sparkles, and is continually inventive. The typography is attractive, and the illustrations are especially bright. A bibliography and first-rate index round out this, the most successful of surveys.

ITALIAN ART. By André Chastel. Yoseloff. 527 pp.; 128 illus., 4 in color. $20.

Since its theme and format are not in the least imaginative, the quality of André Chastel's text must bear the brunt of judgment. A preliminary discussion of the characteristics of Italian art is incisively handled, indeed scintillates with well-compressed ideas, but the rest is a letdown. Not that one is in untrustworthy hands—these of the French humanist are eminently learned. Yet behind the drone of eloquence there is a desire to include everything of factual consequence, which is eventually self-defeating. While the commentary is judicious, it is also breathless, unfocused and not felt. For all that, Chastel is recommendable as a handy, if conservative, source of information. A large bibliography and section of biographical notes are included.

GRAPHIC ARTS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Wolf Stubbe. Praeger. 317 pp.; 40 color plates; 446 black-and-white illus. $30.

What is one to do with an author who says: "Very soon the new realism . . . came to be opposed by the opinion that realism should be rejected on principle, as it offered no scope for imagination and would therefore never be in a position to represent pure thoughts"? Even allowing for the vagaries of translation from the German, the intellectual caliber of this survey of twentieth-century prints is low. In particular, Stubbe has made the mistake, destructive of any potential value in his study, of considering twentieth-century art as incidentally manifested in graphics, rather than showing how the twentieth century has altered the character of graphic arts. One wonders, too, why their condition today is so decrepit; their decline is illustrated here rather attractively.

AMERICAN TRADITION IN PAINTING. By John McCoubrey. Braziller. 128 pp.; more than 65 black-and-white illus. $4.95.

One can get very nervous at the numerous possibilities of conjecture and prejudice in this thematic view of American painting. If you attack the problem of what in particular distinguishes our pictorial production from others (and sooner or later this must be asked), you risk chauvinism and a certain anti-historical attitude. McCoubrey's approach is psychological and stylistic; it also appears to benefit from the findings of literary criticism. His thesis is that there has always been something profoundly alienated, ill at ease and passive in its attitude toward the outside world, about our painting. American realism, he thinks, is a styleless response to nature, and to the intimidating actualities of living in this essentially unpossessable land. Whether it be a "hard" transcription of things, or a "soft" and poetic flight away from them, there is a discomfort with picture construction and paint handling. Moreover, one discovers a theme of loneliness, isolation and moral asperity in our pictures—in considerable contrast to, say, French painting.

So far, much of this has a striking pertinence. I would take issue with it, however, in its tendency to confuse

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subject matter with content, as if the portrayal of ennui necessarily indicates that the artist is listless. In addition, McCoubrey probably overestimates the apparent, but not decisive, degree of American puritanism—for Abstract Expressionism, at least, is a marriage of a native restrictiveness with an extraordinary sensuous pleasure. Finally, possibly because they are a little awkward for his argument, the American expatriates are brought rather too low.

But one must admire an author who can say of a two-dimensional portrait of a Colonial woman that "She is an early flower of the wilderness pressed under glass"; or criticize the regionalists because "none of them realized that, particularly in America, the modern industrial world they could no longer neglect demanded to be treated in some form of abstraction, precisely in order to protect pictures of it from its inherent, swift obsolescence." Besides being a pithy book, this is also a tendentious one. But its polemics will considerably enhance one's understanding of the past and present in American art.

General

ART AND ANARCHY. By Edgar Wind. Faber and Faber. (Available through Wittenborn.) 194 pp. $5.95.

Malraux and Huyghe, Gombrich and Wind: these are the writers who have most overtly addressed themselves to the problem of our fluctuating consciousness of art. But if the French have been poetic and speculative, the Anglo-Germans are historical and psychological, and thus bring their readers infinitely closer to an awareness of the reciprocal paradoxes of their aesthetic experience. The "anarchy" of Wind's title (which brackets a series of lectures turned essays) has no political meaning, but refers rather to the discomfort and the insecurity traditionally implied in the consumption of art ever since the idea of Plato's "sacred fear." Today, Wind says on the contrary, "We are much given to art, but it touches us lightly, and that is why we can take so much of it, and so much of so many different kinds."

Few dissect more acutely than Wind the cultural factors which have brought about this genial indifference. The dehumanizing of art-historians, the growth in pressures of mechanization, the overemphasis on intuition, the taste for fragments, sheer diffusion, categorical resistances and expectancies: these are the dangers to which the pungency of art often falls victim. But Wind also insists that art is a fiction, and that it obliges us to be detached as well as engaged with it. This is an alarmingly vital area to discuss, and the quality of mind which refuses to prescribe any attitude, or slip into any imbalance, is as exasperating and provocative as the anarchy of the book's theme. When, in speaking of Expressionist forcefulness in painting, he comments that "You can blow the trumpet of the Last Judgment once; you must not blow it every day," an outrageous discretion makes itself felt. Rather than a propagandist's, his is the voice of a humanist who also knows what is going on. He withdraws and advances, not out of cynicism (although there is irony in his approach), but because of his respect for artist and spectator, and an enlightened uncertainty.

Incidentally, half of this book is a section of notes: testimony of its double life. Here the scholar plays with his learning in a tour de force, swarming with urbanities, that is the most charming I have read. An engaging and important book.

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Second Impressions

REVIEW OF PAPERBACKS

Robert M. Wallace

Criticism

The Decline and Fall of the Romantic Ideal by F. L. Lucas (Cambridge, $1.45) remains one of the most stimulating discussions of the distinctions and general character of the traditions labeled Classic and Romantic. Professor Lucas begins with a large and illuminating collection of touchstones which would be acceptable to most readers. With the necessary refinements in details he then explains the decline of romanticism in terms of control and censorship of dreams, or emanations from the unconscious mind, by reason of the reality principle of Freud. His own tastes throughout are eclectic.

The Visionary Company: A Reading of English Romantic Poetry by Harold Bloom (Anchor, $1.95). A searching but sometimes difficult study of similarities and differences in the modes and products of imagination, Blake to Keats, often with reference forward to Yeats, Wallace Stevens and Hart Crane. Also *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry: Psychological Studies in Imagination* by Maud Bodkin (Oxford, $1.95).

Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory: The Development of the Aesthetics of the Infinite by Marjorie Hope Nicolson (Norton, $1.95). A readable, far-ranging study of the changes in literary conventions beginning in the 1680s and involving new views in science, theology and popular taste.

The Death of Tragedy by George Steiner (Hill and Wang, $1.95). Explores the effects of the Christian demand for poetic justice and the loss of man's sense of an inescapable chance, unreason and human miscalculation.

Art and the Social Order by D. W. Gotshalk (Dover, $1.50). An absorbing investigation of the creative processes and the aesthetic experience in relation to particular works of art and the society where they best flourish.

The Business of Criticism by Helen Gardner (Oxford, $1.25). Six lectures on the profession and limits of criticism emphasizing common sense, historical perspective and a desire to lead readers to appreciation of literary excellence.

Salinger: A Critical and Personal Portrait, Henry Anatole Grunwald, editor (Pocket Books, 50c). An introductory survey of the critical reception of Salinger's work, with twenty-four widely varied essays by prominent critics.

National Music and Other Essays by R. Vaughan Williams (Oxford, $2.25). First collected edition of the twenty-seven vigorous and perceptive essays from *National Music* (1934), *Some Thoughts on Beethoven's Choral Symphony* (1953) and *The Making of Music* (1955). Also *What To Listen For in Music*, revised, by Aaron Copland (Mentor, 60c).

Biography and Autobiography

Child of the Dark: The Diary of Carolina Maria de Jesus, David St.

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Clair, translator (Signet, 60c). A sensitive, intelligent Negro woman's struggles to survive, with three illegitimate children, the hunger, filth and dreadful joblessness of the Sao Paulo, Brazil, shantytowns, 1953-1959.

Trial Judge by Justice Bernard Botein (Cornerstone Library, $1.50). Revealing, anecdotal accounts of juridical problems and procedures by the presiding justice, Appellate Division, New York State Supreme Court.

The Lion and the Throne: The Life and Times of Sir Edward Coke by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Little, Brown, $2.65). An exceptional combination of lively narrative and legal and political analysis of the liberal jurist's work under Elizabeth I and James I.

The Life of Henry Clay by Glyndon G. Van Deusen (Little, Brown, $2.45). Vivid, authoritative, balanced narrative and assessment.

The Great American Gentleman: William Byrd of Westover, Louis B. Wright and Marion Tinling, editors (Capricorn, $1.65). A compacted version by the original editors of Byrd's secret diary, 1709-1712, of his vastly energetic and varied activities.

A Life in the Theatre by Sir Tyrone Guthrie (McGraw-Hill, $2.45). The vivid and rich memoirs of the Old Vic director, promoter of the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespeare Festival and initiator of the Minneapolis Tyrone Guthrie Theatre.

Jane Austen and Her Art by Mary Lascelles (Oxford, $1.65). One of the most perceptive and enlightening studies of the novels, with a short biographical sketch.

Voltaire by H. N. Brailsford (Oxford, $1.50). A standard, readable, brief life of the great champion of eighteenth-century tolerance and freedom of thought and expression.

The Journal of John Wesley, introduction by Bishop Gerald Kennedy (Capricorn, $1.85). The Methodist leader's record of his unbroken campaign for religious reform and political and social justice, 1735-1790.

Alexander Pope by Bonamy Dobree (Oxford, $1.50). A just and sanely appreciative brief life and critical estimate.

Naked to Mine Enemies: The Life of Cardinal Wolsey by Charles W. Ferguson (Little, Brown, $2.45). A sympathetic, searching life of Cardinal Wolsey with extensive background; excellent throughout.

Handel by Percy M. Young (Collier Books, $1.50). The mercurial citizen of eighteenth-century Europe in his setting, with useful analyses of his chief music; useful appendices. Also in the Great Composers Series: *Tchaikovsky* by Gerald Abraham ($1.50).

Haydn: A Creative Life in Music by Karl Geiringer in collaboration with Irene Geiringer (Anchor, $1.45). A biography with charm and vitality; studies of the works emphasize the later periods. Valuable revisions.

Miscellaneous

The Poems of Richard Wilbur (Harcourt, Brace & World, $1.95). Poems of great virtuosity, insight and feeling from four volumes, 1947-1961.

The Affluent Society by John Kenneth Galbraith (Mentor, 75c). One of the notable works in economic theory of this generation; examines the implications of material abundance for the masses.

The Variorum Walden by Henry David Thoreau; Walter Harding, editor (Washington Square Press, 60c). Tichnor & Fields' 1854 edition with Thoreau's corrections and voluminous, useful notes.

The Brain Watchers by Martin L. Gross (Signet, 75c). An analysis of personality testing in business and education; perceptive, informed and disturbing.

The High Cost of Dying by Ruth Mulvey Harmer (Collier, 95c) and *The Loved One* by Evelyn Waugh (Dell, 50c). A study of funeral customs and costs and of nonprofit burial societies, and a brilliant satirical novel by Mr. Waugh.

The Diplomats 1919-1939, Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert, editors; two volumes (Atheneum, $1.65 ea.). Twenty-one studies by specialists on the role and value of diplomats and changing methods and views of diplomacy between World Wars.

A Company of Heroes by Dale Van Every (Mentor, 75c). The bitter frontier war of the Revolution; it held the country to the Lakes and the Mississippi for the new nation.

The Founding of New England by James Truslow Adams (Little, Brown, $2.65). A brilliant analysis and narrative (1921) assessing the varied motives for the settlement and seventeenth-century development of the area.

Jubal's Raid: General Early's Civil War Attack on Washington in 1864 by Frank Vandiver (McGraw-Hill, $2.45). A rapid, imaginative, well-documented narrative of Lee's countermove defending against Grant's campaign against Richmond.

Fiction Packet

Lyubka the Cossack and Other Stories by Isaac Babel; *Bread and Wine* by Ignazio Silone; *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man* by Thomas Mann (Signet, 75c ea.). *The Master of the Day of Judgment* by Leo Perutz (Collier, 95c). *Three Famous Short Novels* by William Faulkner (Vintage, $1.65). *The Sibyl* by Pär Lagerkvist (Vintage, $1.45). *The Journey and the Pity* by Pawel Mayewski (Scribner's, $1.65). *American Contemporary* by Curtis Zahn (New Directions, $1.95). *The Inheritors* by William Golding (Harvest, $1.65). *The House of Mirth* by Edith Wharton (Houghton Mifflin, $1.45).

Books by NATION Contributors

Listed below are books published in 1963 by writers who also contributed to The Nation *in that year: also a few books a substantial part of whose contents first appeared in this magazine. This compilation has become a year-end feature of the magazine — a service to readers and authors. Books published in England are listed for the record. However, they are available on special order from most booksellers.*

Lionel Abel. *Metatheatre.* Hill & Wang. $3.95.

Heinz Abosch. *The Menace of the Miracle: Germany from Hitler to Adenauer.* Monthly Review. $5.

Nelson Algren. *Who Lost an American?* Macmillan. $5.95.

Never Come Morning. Harper & Row. $1.75 paper.

Editor. *Nelson Algren's Own Book of Lonesome Monsters.* Bernard Geis. $4.95.

George T. Altman. *Invisible Barrier: a Tax Specialist's Analysis of the Business Cycle.* Tilden Press. $4.

Wayne Andrews. *Germaine: A Portrait of Madame de Stael.* Atheneum. $5.75.

Elisabeth Mann Borgese. *Ascent of Woman.* Braziller. $5.

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HARRY BRAVERMAN. *The Future of Russia.* Macmillan. $5.

EDWARD CAIN. *They'd Rather Be Right.* Macmillan. $5.95.

HORTENSE CALISHER. *Textures of Life.* Little, Brown. $4.75.

HAYDEN CARRUTH. *Appendix A.* Macmillan. $4.95.

JOHN CIARDI. *Dialogue with an Audience.* Lippincott. $5.95.

W. E. LE GROS CLARK. *The Antecedents of Man.* Harper & Row. $1.95 paper.

DAVID COHEN. *Breakfast Rum.* Seven Poets Press. $1.

DAVID CORT. *Social Astonishments.* Macmillan. $4.95.

NORMAN CORWIN. *Overkill and Megalove.* World. $3.50.

GEORGE CUOMO. *Jack Be Nimble.* Doubleday. $3.95.

LESLIE DEWART. *Christianity and Cuba.* Herder & Herder. $5.50.

BERNARD B. FALL. *The Two Viet-Nams: A Political and Military Analysis.* Praeger. $7.95.

KING GORDON. *The United Nations in the Congo: A Quest for Peace.* Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. $1.95.

ALLEN GUTTMANN, editor. *American Neutrality and the Spanish Civil War.* Heath. $1.50 paper.

LEO HAMALIAN, editor (with Frederick R. Karl). *Short Fiction of the Masters.* Putnam. $3.95.
Editor (with E. L. Volpe). *Essays of Our Time II.* McGraw Hill. $2.95 paper.

NORWOOD R. HANSON. *The Concept of the Positron.* Cambridge University Press. $5.95.

JOHN HIGHAM. *Strangers in the Land: Patterns of American Nativism, 1860-1925.* Atheneum. $1.95 paper.

DANIEL HOFFMAN. *The City of Satisfactions.* Oxford. $3.

EDWIN HONIG. *Garcia Lorca* (revised edition). New Directions. $1.45 paper.

IRVING L. HOROWITZ. *The War Game.* Ballantine. 75c paper.

DANIEL HUGHES. *Waking in a Tree.* Clarke & Way. $3.75.

LE ROI JONES. *Blues People: Negro Music in White America.* Morrow. $5.

FREDERICK R. KARL, editor (with Leo Hamalian). *Short Fiction of the Masters.* Putnam. $3.95.

MILTON KESSLER. *A Road Came Once.* Ohio State University Press. $3.75.

MARTIN LUTHER KING. *Strength to Love.* Harper & Row. $3.50.

MARIA KUNCEWICZ. *The Olive Grove.* Walker. $4.95.
The Modern Polish Mind. Grosset & Dunlap. $2.95.

WILLIAM M. KUNSTLER. . . . *And Justice For All.* Oceana. $3.95.

JOHN LOGAN. *Spring of the Thief: Poems 1960-1962.* Knopf. $4.

MICHAEL MCCLURE. *Meat Science Essays.* City Lights. $1.35 paper.

VIVIAN MERCIER. *The Irish Comic Tradition.* Oxford. $6.75.

W. S. MERWIN. *The Moving Target.* Atheneum. $3.95. $1.95 paper.

JOSEPHINE MILES. *Eras and Modes in English Poetry.* University of California Press. $2.45 paper.

STANLEY L. NEWMAN (with Arthur I. Waskow). *America in Hiding.* Ballantine Books. 60c paper.

FREDERICK NOSSAL. *Dateline-Peking.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.

CHARLES E. OSGOOD. *An Alternative to War or Surrender.* University of Illinois Press. $1.45 paper.
Editor (with M. S. Miron). *Approaches to the Study of Aphasia.* University of Illinois Press. $5.

HENRI PEYRE. *Literature and Sincerity.* Yale University Press. $6.75.

J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Margin Released.* Harper & Row. $4.95.
Saturn Over the Water. Heinemann. 7s.

ADRIENNE RICH. *Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law.* Harper & Row. $3.50.

ALAN ROSENTHAL (with H. P. Green). *Government of the Atom.* Atherton. $6.95.

LOUIS D. RUBIN, JR. *The Faraway Country: Writers of the Modern South.* University of Washington Press. $4.95.

LOUIS RUCHAMES. *The Abolitionists.* Putnam. $5.

HILBERT SCHENCK, JR. (with Richard A. Kenyon). *Fundamentals of Thermodynamics.* Ronald. $8.50.

SAMUEL SHAPIRO. *Invisible Latin America.* Beacon. $3.95.

PHILIP SIEKEVITZ (with A. G. Lowry). *Cell Structure and Function.* Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $2.25 paper.

RALPH LEE SMITH (with Ben Wattenberg). *The New Nations of Africa.* Hart. $10.
Getting to Know the World Health Organization. Coward-McCann, Inc. $2.50.
The Grim Truth about Mutual Funds. Putnam. $2.95.

HARVEY SWADOS. *The Will.* World. $4.95.

MAY SWENSON. *To Mix With Time.* Scribner's. $3.50. $1.45 paper.

ROBERT THEOBALD. *Free Men and Free Markets.* Clarkson N. Potter. $5.

DAN WAKEFIELD, editor. *The Addict.* Fawcett World Library. 50c paper.

GERALD WALKER (with others). *Consumers Union Report on Smoking and the Public Interest.* Simon & Schuster. $3.50. $1.50 paper.

VERNON WATKINS. *Affinities.* New Directions. $3.50.

MAURICE ZEITLIN (with Robert Scheer). *Cuba: The Tragedy in Our Hemisphere.* Grove. 95c paper.

the twist

a dancer's world
is walls: movement
confined: music:

god's last breath.
rhythm: the last beating
of his heart. a dancer moves

toward sound, blind
to its source, with others
(she cannot dance alone.)

she thinks of thought as
windows, as ice around the dance.
can you break it? move.

A. B. Spellman

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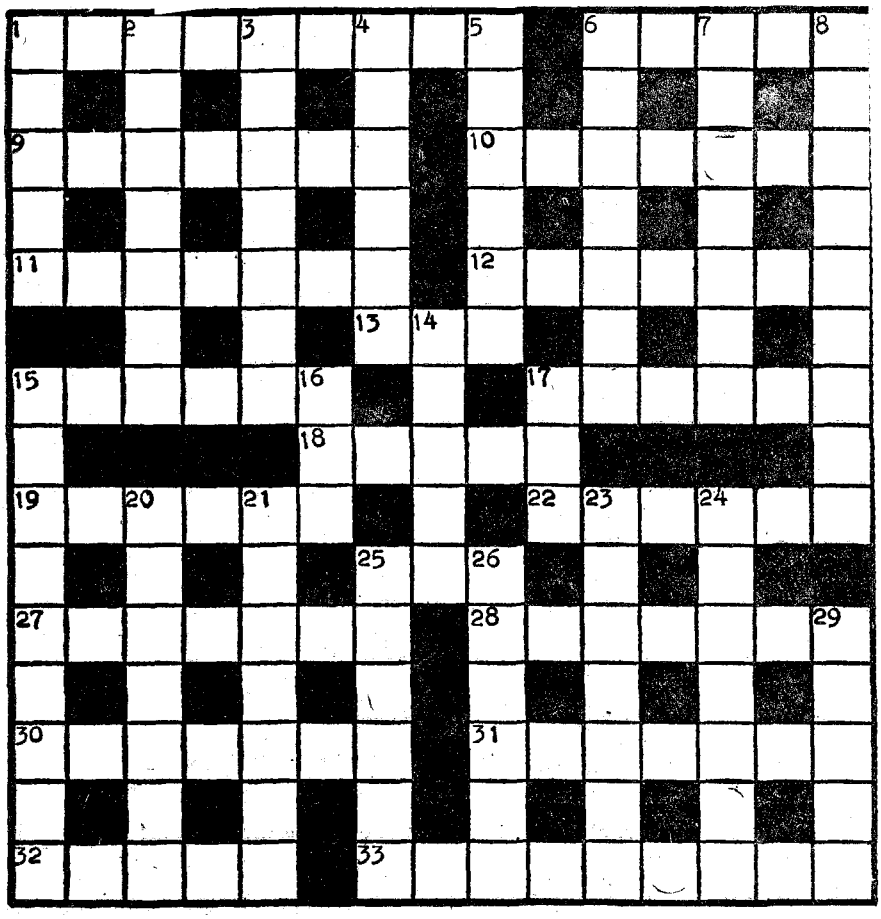

ACROSS:

1 Friend, mine had a meal altogether beat! (9)
6 Acted unreasonably due to not exactly making the grade? (5)
9 Descriptive of life's tale as told in Macbeth. (7)
10 Seen to be incorrect about the rough edge, but weasels out of it.
11 The orb of light isn't running away with the instrument! (7)
12 A slippery type, obviously no lady, though seemingly refined. (7)
13 and 17 across Lighter than a feather? (9)
15 Plant opening suggested by it? (6)
18 and 1 down The purpose of ostentation may mark a possibly explosive situation. (5, 5)
19 Altogether, a diplomat should be so well versed. (6)
22 Said to be found in a shop in Edinburgh. (6)
27 Fire one of these for safety, being something put on in 25 across. (7)
30 Bring down in time for the new brand? (7)
31 Associate. (7)
32 and 25 across No foundation for a double curve in Switzerland! (8)
33 Doesn't have confidence in cloudy films due to oxidation. (9)

DOWN:

2 Its role stops for unimportant reasons. (7)
3 Provisional arrangement. (7)
4 and 28 across Certainly not a bow of submission. (4, 2, 7)
5 The capacity of the system to work.
6 Perhaps a novel type of professional man who planned the Appian Way? (7)
7 Ends the game with the English starting to take root. (7)
8 Abandoned? A lost sort indeed! (9)
14 and 29 down They take an unusual interest in their business transactions. (4, 6)
15 Flies are caught here, making the birds weep. (6, 3)
16 In another form went wrong in the land stage. (3)
17 How strange! (3)
20 Watches quotation marks from them? (7)
21 A wealth of the most heavily armed type? The chief is also serious. (7)
23 It suggests a book, to be more precise. (7)
24 Scores, perhaps, of songs? (7)
25 Prize. (6)
26 Puts on the shelf as a form of punishment. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1037

ACROSS: 1 Barbed wire; 6 Limp; 10 Crusade; 12 Pictured; 13 Lorna; 15 Overt; 17 Affirmant; 19 Minelayer; 21 Diver; 23 Yards; 24 Head back; 27 In short; 28 Imagine; 29 Esau; 30 Downstream. DOWN: 1 and 18 Back formation; 2 Routine; 3 Exact; 5 Rigid; 7 Illyria; 8 Paymasters; 9 Pillared; 14, 4 and 11 You may fire when ready Gridley; 16 Talk shop; 20 Nerissa; 22 Vaccine; 24 Hatto; 25 Beast; 26 Germ.

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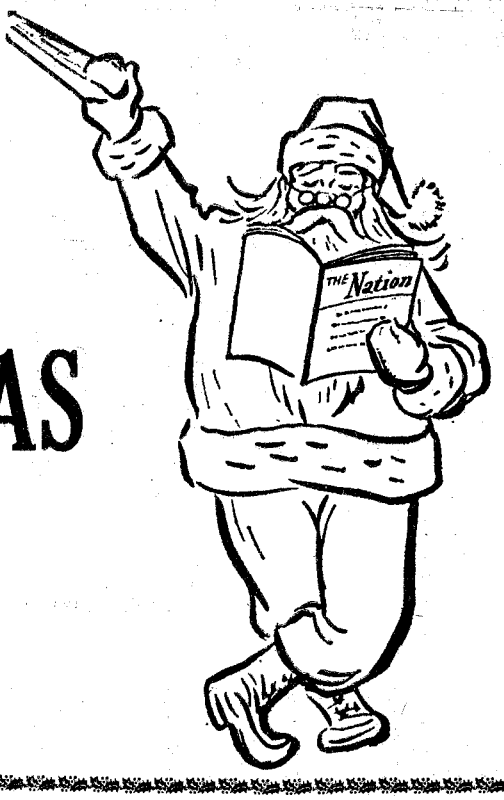

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